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COMING SOON



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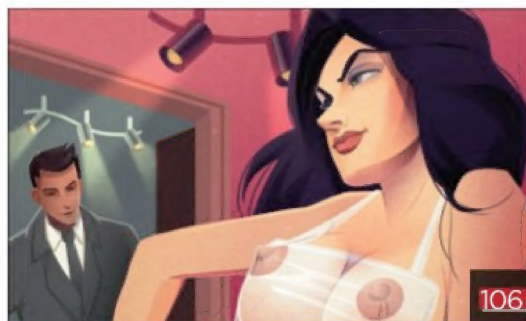
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HOUSECALL

Our Drop-Dead Gorgeous issue captures the best aspects of the Halloween season: sexy costumes, dangerous dames, and scary movies.



Drop-Dead Gorgeous

We start our theme coverage this month by being completely literal: with a roundup of sexy actresses who play characters who are both dead *and* gorgeous. We also found half a dozen superhot actresses who hunt down demons and the undead ("Drop-Dead Gorgeous"; [page 100](#)).... Speaking of hotties, Penthouse Pets and models show off some skimpy costumes that are sure to get you in a Halloween frame of mind ("Ninjas and Tigers and Bats ... Oh, My!"; [page 46](#)).... And while you're thinking of costumes, check out Sex Academy for information about what roleplaying can do for your sex life ([page 76](#)).... Plus, Life on Top highlights several gadgets with "Looks That Kill" ([page 21](#)), not to mention the perfect Halloween hangover remedy, the Corpse Reviver ([page 28](#)).

American Horror Stories

Full Frontal kicks off with a review of the first-season Blu-ray and DVD release of *Penny Dreadful* ([page 11](#)) and boasts a killer playlist of songs about monsters, ghouls, and ghosts ([page 17](#)).... But that's barely the beginning: We celebrate the 40th anniversary of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* by speaking with three of the film's actors, including Marilyn Burns, the original Final Girl, who gave us her final interview a week before her death ("Don't Mess With Texas"; [page 96](#)).... Identical twins Jen and Sylvia Soska talked to *Penthouse* about their new film, *See No Evil 2*, and had some serious fun with weapons, bones, and blood during our photo shoot ("Twisted Sisters"; [page 52](#)).... We profile a "BDSM witch" of a dominatrix, Mistress Selina Minx, in an article that's accompanied by steamy

photos ("Wickedest Witch of the West"; [page 72](#)).... We look into medical museums and Showtime's new drama from Steven Soderbergh about the birth of modern medicine, *The Knick* ("Through a Glass Darkly"; [page 78](#)).... Our Hard News section features articles on a social-networking site for death professionals (funeral directors, morgue attendants, EMTs, etc.) and funeral strippers, aka the death professionals we'd like to see.

Pop Shots

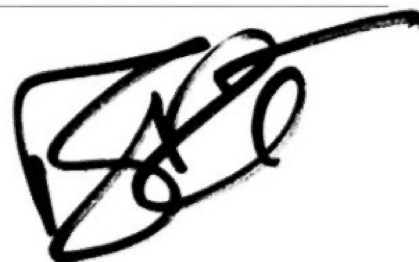
Our guest art director this month is actor Michael K. Williams, best known for his roles on *Boardwalk Empire* and *The Wire*. In his interview, Williams discusses why he did the shoot in his old neighborhood in East Flatbush, Brooklyn: "Going back to the projects where I grew up was important to me, because I grew up seeing so many beautiful women who never got celebrated. I grew up seeing so much potential. A lot of us never got the opportunity to express that potential on another level the way that I was blessed to be able to." Williams also tells us why his longtime friend LaAbril was eminently capable of depicting what he finds sexy in a woman, thus making her the perfect model for the shoot with photographer Carter B. Smith ([page 31](#)).

Debuting This Month

We premiere two new columns in this issue: Auto Focus ([page 40](#)), where ICON CEO Jonathan Ward will "seek to inspire you by delivering stories from the fringes of car culture".... and Pet Confidential ([page 92](#)), where June 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips will profile her fellow Pets via random little-known facts and candid photos.

There are also new publications joining the *Penthouse* family: The first book in the *Penthouse Variations* series by Cleis Press, *Penthouse Variations on Oral: Erotic Tales of Going Down*, hits bookstores, both print and digital, this month. We've got a sneak peek at one of the stories, "Dinner for Two." (Spoiler: Food is not on the menu.) Go to [PenthouseMagazine.com/oral](#) for more information.... *Best of Variations #152*—which is all BDSM, from dommes and bondage to spanking—is on sale now; get a digital copy at [PenthouseMagazine.com/bov](#).... The *Girls of Penthouse* digital publication *Sex Tour 2014* boasts five 12-page guy-girl photo sets, each accompanied by video of the hard-core scene. Get your copy at [PenthouseMagazine.com/sextour2014](#).

As always, the heart of the issue is the beautiful girls. Our Pet of the Month, Ariana Marie, got caught up in the spirit of our issue theme, telling us she had a wonderful time re-enacting iconic horror-movie images ([page 56](#)); Cameron and Anissa turn the slasher-movie cliché of terrorized camp counselors on its ear ([page 82](#)); and Carmen Caliente in skintight latex is so hot she's downright incendiary ([page 112](#)).... Then we close out the issue with a glimpse of a raunchy scene from the *Penthouse* Video *Vampire Town* in *Parting Shot* ([page 134](#)).... You're welcome. 



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NIGHT MOVES



before I had a chance to bring her to at least one orgasm.

I reached under her skirt (and yes, her panties were keeping her glasses company) and found her pussy was soaking wet. I picked her up, placed her beautiful ass right at the edge of my desk with her legs spread wide, and teased her slick cunt with my tongue. I blew warm air on her clit, then licked and fingered her till she screamed out my name and came, writhing against my mouth. I kept at it, driving her to two more climaxes. I would have pushed her for more, but she grabbed me by the hair and pulled me up for a kiss.

After she'd licked away any trace of her juices from my lips, she moaned, "Mmm. That tastes so good."

By that time, my cock was aching to get inside her. I sat back down in my chair and Regan slid her legs over my hips before lowering her hot pussy onto my cock. Then, with her hands on my shoulders and mine cupping her ass, I helped guide her up and down till she shuddered in ecstasy. Afterward, I had her get up and lean over my desk so I could fuck her from behind.

"I want you to fuck me long and hard," she said, her voice taking on a huskier tone that was filled with lust. "We've both worked hard and we deserve every minute of this."

I couldn't have agreed more. I thrust my rock-hard cock deep inside her velvety-soft pussy and fucked her with firm, steady strokes till she picked up the rhythm and we were moving as one—as if we'd been fucking for years, yet with all the excitement of a new conquest. After 15 minutes of sheer bliss, we both exploded in simultaneous, mind-numbing orgasms.

Regan only had two more days left before she had to leave New York, but we made the most of that time by screwing each other silly, and inventing future projects that would require our working together as often as possible. —E.L., New York

More letters on page 122

I never had a problem working late when the job called for it, but after three months of extra nighttime hours and working weekends, I was happy that this particular project had come to an end. Before heading home for a well-deserved rest and a few days off, I swiveled my chair toward the window to admire Manhattan's skyline. Just then, I imagined how much better it would look with the office lights off and, as if by magic, I heard a *click* and my office went dark.

just above her knees, the blouses were soft and sheer, and the stockings had seams up the back. Her suits looked tailor-made and fit her sexy figure perfectly. Her face was beautiful and, to top it off, the woman had brains to match. If I had to guess, I'd say she was in her mid-thirties—about five years older than I am. But damn, she was definitely the total package.

Regan came around to my side of the desk and I got a faint whiff of her subtle perfume. When she moved her lithe body in front of me and blocked my view, I realized that anything we

I thrust my rock-hard cock deep inside her velvety-soft pussy and fucked her with firm, steady strokes.

"It's really beautiful at night, isn't it?" I didn't have to turn around to know that Regan, my partner on the now-completed project, had just walked in. She'd been flown in from our head office to help out, and she'd put in just as many hours as I had over the past few months. We'd gotten to know each other really well, and though we'd kept things on a professional level, I hadn't been so blinded by work that I wasn't aware of just how hot she was. She had the professional thing going on, with the business suits and the high heels and the upswept hair with the studious-looking glasses. But the skirts were

did from that point on would not be business-related.

"You're beautiful," I said, as she knelt down between my legs and ran her hand over my crotch. Gone were the glasses, suit jacket, and stockings, and while she unbuckled my belt and unzipped my fly, I hoped to God that her panties were with them. I quickly unpinned her fancy hairstyle and held her head as she freed my cock. Expertly, she stroked and sucked until it reached its full length. With a lick of her lips, she took the whole thing in her mouth like a giant Popsicle and proceeded to suck until I was about to explode. But I didn't want to come

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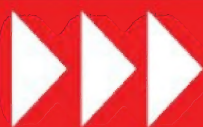
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PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Timothy Dalton and Eva Green head up *Penny Dreadful*'s monster hunters, who go after vampires, demons, and Dr. Frankenstein's creations in Victorian London.



REVIEWS

BLASTS FROM THE PAST

This month's biggest releases are throwbacks to decades (and centuries) past.



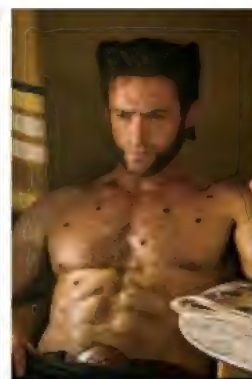
PENNY DREADFUL: SEASON 1

Showtime has cast a spell with this seductive, supernatural, and psychosexual series created by John Logan and Sam Mendes, the dynamic duo responsible for *Skyfall*. *Penny Dreadful* is a who's who of frights, with Sir Malcolm Murray (Timothy Dalton) and Vanessa Ives (Eva Green) recruiting members for a monster squad that includes an American Wild West-show performer, Ethan Chandler (Josh Hartnett); and a young Dr. Frankenstein (Harry Treadaway). So far, we've seen Dorian Gray (Reeve Carney), vampires, mad science and its monsters, spiritualism, demonic possession, and lots of secrets. The three-disc Blu-ray and DVD release includes features on the Grand Guignol theater and Victorian sex and prostitution. —Christine Colby



A MILLION WAYS TO DIE IN THE WEST

Comedic Western is not the safest genre, but Seth MacFarlane isn't known for playing it safe. MacFarlane wrote, directed, and starred in this send-up about a timid sheep farmer who falls for the wife of a notorious outlaw. MacFarlane had plenty of star power to back him up: Charlize Theron, Liam Neeson, Sarah Silverman, and Neil Patrick Harris, to name just a few, along with one particularly awesome end-of-movie cameo that we won't spoil. The Blu-ray is packed with bonus content, from an alternate ending and a behind-the-scenes featurette to unrated commentary (which will probably be as funny as the movie itself).



X-MEN: DAYS OF FUTURE PAST

Sure, theaters have been full of Marvel movies over the past few years, but we still have faith in the company's masterminds. This high-energy summer blockbuster—which had Bryan Singer, who directed the first two set-in-modern-times *X-Men* films, back at the helm—wound up being arguably the best in the franchise. It had time travel. It had disco. It had Jennifer Lawrence. And the Blu-ray release should be equally stacked, with deleted scenes, a gag reel, and loads of featurettes. A 3-D version will also be available, along with a pricey collector's edition that comes complete with a Magneto helmet.



GHOSTBUSTERS LIMITED-EDITION GIFT SET

It's *Ghostbusters*. Do we need to tell you anything else, or is your wallet already open? (If you were raised by wolves, the movie is about a team of professors-turned-paranormal-investigators who end up saving the world from a marshmallowy god of destruction.) The collector's edition of the classic comedy includes the original and the sequel remastered in the ultra-high-def 4K format, along with a Slimer figurine and a digibook for each film.



YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN: 40TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

In this monster tale, neurosurgeon Frederick Frankenstein (played by Gene Wilder, who also cowrote the screen story and screenplay with director Mel Brooks) tries to replicate his grandfather's experiments. Things go awry, of course, and his creature ends up scaring the ignorant locals and romancing Frankenstein's fiancée. It's everything you'd expect from a Mel Brooks comedy—campy, absurd, and full of PG-rated dick jokes. The Blu-ray will include commentary from Brooks, actor interviews, deleted scenes, production photos, and a handful of featurettes.

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PRIME SUSPECT

Ben Affleck plays a husband suspected in the disappearance of his wife in David Fincher's adaptation of Gillian Flynn's twisty, best-selling thriller *Gone Girl*.



GONE GIRL

**BEN AFFLECK, ROSAMUND PIKE,
NEIL PATRICK HARRIS**

Gillian Flynn's best-selling novel from 2012 felt like a Hollywood slam dunk from page one, so call it an embarrassment of riches that David Fincher, a genius at suspense, landed in the director's chair for the film adaptation. Fincher has also lately been brilliant with female actors (see Rooney Mara in *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*, and Robin Wright on TV's *House of Cards*). The movie's "girl"—a young married woman (played by Britain's feisty Pike)—goes missing from her Missouri home while her shifty husband, Nick (Affleck), weathers the scrutiny of police and the media. If you've ever planned on reading the book, do it immediately, because you're not going to be able to avoid the film (or your coworkers talking about it). Things we're confident about: Nine Inch Nails's Trent Reznor will compose yet another killer score—as he always does for Fincher—and the film will be bathed in a sickly green hue.



PHOTOGRAPH BY (TOP) MERRICK MORTON/20TH CENTURY FOX

**BIRDMAN**

MICHAEL KEATON, ZACH GALIFIANAKIS, EDWARD NORTON

There's nothing we'd love to see more than a Keaton comeback—from *Night Shift* and *Mr. Mom* to *Beetlejuice* and the original *Batman*, he's the unofficial id of our eighties childhood. Rumors are already swirling that this quasi-spiritual drama from Alejandro González Iñárritu (*Babel*) is that redemption made real. Given the script's plot, the casting makes perfect sense: A former Hollywood superstar (Keaton) who bailed on his superhero franchise decides to spill his guts in a one-man Broadway show. The trailers have a hint of psychotic mania—voices in his head, flights of fancy—and the movie's prestigious debut at the Venice Film Festival suggests a dark, substantial dramedy.

**ST. VINCENT**

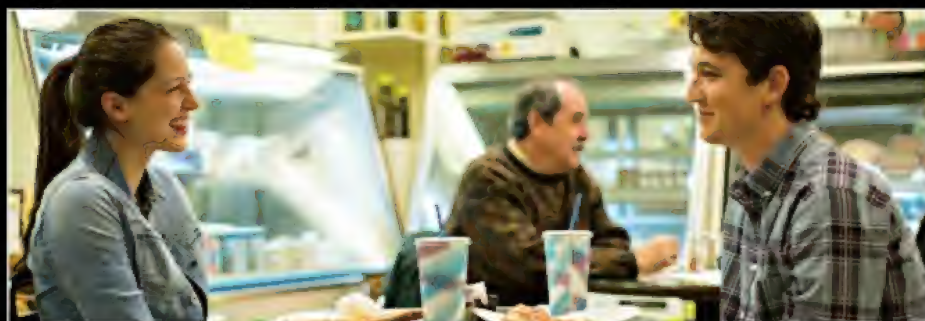
BILL MURRAY, MELISSA MCCARTHY, NAOMI WATTS, CHRIS O'DOWD

God bless Murray. When he's not crashing strangers' bachelor parties and butting in at karaoke joints, he continues to hone his majestically resigned on-screen persona, which keeps getting better. His latest comedy sounds a little clichéd, but we don't care: After a young boy's parents split, forcing a relocation, the kid meets his new neighbor, a cigarette-sucking war vet (Murray) adorned with a fuck-it-all attitude and a glass of Scotch. Even though the trailer hints at a fair amount of surrogate-daddy schmaltz, we remember *Rushmore* and know how Murray can redeem even the quirkiest of setups. Watts in full Russian-stripper regalia probably won't hurt either.

**KILL THE MESSENGER**

JEREMY RENNER, RAY LIOTTA, MARY ELIZABETH WINSTEAD

We desk-bound journalists love stories like this, in which a heroic reporter (Renner) uncovers a massive government cover-up involving crack cocaine, Nicaraguan contras, and the CIA, risking family and reputation in pursuit of the almighty truth. Now *that* sounds like a day job. Add the fact that the story is based on a true tale gleaned from the experiences of Gary Webb, who suffered mightily while chasing down his leads as a reporter for the *San Jose Mercury News*. It all sounds like Oscar time for Renner, who was due for another substantial leading part, and the deep cast—which also includes Michael Sheen, Oliver Platt, and Andy Garcia—suggests a juicy script.

REVIEW**WHIPLASH**

J. K. SIMMONS, MILES TELLER

Not your everyday movie about joining a band and learning some life lessons, Damien Chazelle's electrifying Sundance psychodrama takes place at an elite New York City jazz academy, where the likable Teller (*The Spectacular Now*) dreams of becoming the next Buddy Rich on the drum throne. He's not expecting the furious glare of instructor J. K. Simmons, who, without a hint of the usual empathy behind the tough love, creates a monster as indelible as R. Lee Ermey's raging boot-camp sergeant in *Full Metal Jacket*. To the movie's enormous credit, it flips the script on the current debate about today's "trophy culture," seriously calling into question the lengths to which some will go to be the absolute best. **A-**

JAM SESSION

Lucinda Williams invited a bunch of ace players to sit in on her new double album, the loose and imperfect *Down Where the Spirit Meets the Bone*.



LUCINDA WILLIAMS

DOWN WHERE THE SPIRIT MEETS THE BONE
HIGHWAY 20 RECORDS/THIRTY TIGERS

★★★

Thirty-five years and 11 studio albums into her storied career, Lucinda Williams has earned the right to kick back and take a more leisurely approach to music-making. It's a method she started embracing with 2001's *Essence*, and it certainly hasn't stalled her productivity—this double record contains 20 songs. But while her loose-limbed, nothing-to-prove style imparts a warm, lived-in atmosphere to many of the soulful country-rock songs here, it also lets things go slack in places. She occasionally falls back on clichés and repetition (“Burning Bridges” and the day-late, dollar-short “West Memphis”). Thankfully, solid entries like “Compassion,” which reworks one of her father Miller Williams’s poems, and “Protection,” in which Williams seeks refuge “from the enemy of love” and “the enemy of rock ‘n’ roll,” outnumber the clunkers.

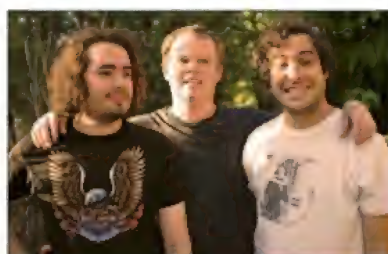


FOXYGEN

... AND STAR POWER
JAGJAGUWAR

★★★

Jonathan Rado and Sam France started Foxygen in 2005, when they were both 15. In 2013, they broke through to critics and hipsters with *We Are the 21st Century Ambassadors of Peace & Magic*, a freewheeling album that stitched together a dizzying array of influences—almost like samples. Here, they’ve settled on a kind of psychedelic space blues, accessed by a rocket ship built from spare parts they found in the garage. There are five songs with “Star Power” in the title, and a tune called “Hot Summer,” followed, naturally, by “Cold Winter/Freedom.” With contributions from Of Montreal, the Flaming Lips, and White Fence, they’ve concocted a simmering, 24-song stew of Bowie, T-Rex, and ramshackle rock.



PURLING HISS

WEIRDON
DRAG CITY

★★★

They’re getting the good weed in the City of Brotherly Love these days—and not that slacker *indica*, either, but the energizing *sativa* that gets you off the couch and into the studio. Philly-area acts like Kurt Vile, the War on Drugs, and Purling Hiss have inhaled a range of classic- and indie-rock influences, and now they’re exhaling their own hazy new takes on bygone styles. *Weirdon* echoes early Clash (the opening chords and vocals of “Sundance Saloon Boogie”), dreamy folk rock (“Another Silvermoon”), and melodic, Stooges-meets-Saints-style punk (“Where’s Sweetboy”). After showing off his range, founder/ace axman Mike Polizze unleashes his inner Cortez the Killer on closer “Six Ways to Sunday.”



XERXES

COLLISION BLONDE
NO SLEEP RECORDS

★★ 1/2

Calvin Phillee, frontman for Louisville post-punk quartet Xerxes, is a sensitive guy who draws from his own life experiences to generate songs about “love, drugs, [and] depression,” as he recently told *Spin*. But his earnest lyrics sometimes come across like a yearbook inscription, or an unedited diary entry. Sometimes—as in the case of the title track and the maudlin “(but here we are)” — but not always. Opening track “I Was Wrong” seethes with rage and regret, and “Nosedive” effectively conveys a kid grappling with inner demons. Musically, they kick up a varied racket: There’s indie rock (“Chestnut Street”), spare atmospherics (“Use as Directed”), and plenty of slashing feedback stabs to go with Phillee’s throat-shredding vocals.

BANDS TO BOOK FOR YOUR DREAM HALLOWEEN PARTY

They're creepy, kooky, mysterious, and spooky....



MISFITS—"Dead cats hanging from poles/Little dead are out in droves." So sings Glen Danzig—a man we've all seen on the internet buying kitty litter—on the band's 1981 single "Halloween."

DIMMU BORGIR—Their lead growler's name is Shagrath, and they have an album called *Puritanical Euphoric Misanthropy*. What, you don't think they'd be good at parties?

DEVO—Those hats. Those jumpsuits.

Devo was made for Halloween.

KISS—If internal band politics prevent them from showing up (as happened at their Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremony), you could always go with Mini Kiss. In fact, just go with Mini Kiss.

GWAR—The intergalactic monsters plan to soldier on without lamented frontman Oderus Urungus, who died of an accidental heroin overdose in March 2014.

GRAVEDIGGAZ—

Led by De La Soul's Prince Paul and the Wu-Tang Clan's RZA, these horrorcore pioneers rap about death, blood, madmen, suicide, graveyards, and all things Halloween.

HOWLIN' WOLF—

Critic and musician Michael "Cub" Koda (who wrote "Smokin' in the Boys' Room") once said, "No one could match Howlin' Wolf for the singular ability to rock the house down to the foundation while simultaneously scaring its patrons out of their wits."

SMASHING PUMPKINS—

Their songs aren't that Halloween-y, but their name certainly is.

CREATURE FEATURE—

They are Creature Feature and you'll dig them like a grave—or so claims the Halloween-themed Los Angeles duo.

GETO BOYS—

From 1989's "Mind of a Lunatic": "I sit alone in my four-cornered room starin' at candles/Dreamin' of the people I've dismantled."

SCARY MONSTERS, SUPER CREEPS

We cast around for great songs about monsters, ghouls, and ghosts—and came back with a frighteningly good Halloween playlist.

"Scary Monsters (and Super Creeps),"
David Bowie, 1980

"Midnight Rambler,"
the Rolling Stones, 1969

"Werewolves of London,"
Warren Zevon, 1978

"Excitable Boy,"
Warren Zevon, 1978

"Psycho Killer,"
Talking Heads, 1977

"Jack the Ripper,"
Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, 1992

"Season of the Witch,"
Donovan, 1966

"I Was a Teenage Werewolf,"
the Cramps, 1980

"Godzilla,"
Blue Oyster Cult, 1978

"Mommy's Little Monster,"
Social Distortion, 1983

"Little Ghost,"
White Stripes, 2005

"The Ghost in You,"
the Psychedelic Furs, 1984

"Walking With a Ghost,"
Tegan and Sara, 2004

"Monster,"
Kanye West, 2010

"Attacked by Monsters,"
Meat Puppets, 1989

"Some Kind of Monster,"
Metallica, 2003

"Night Prowler,"
AC/DC, 1979

"Zombie,"
the Cranberries, 1996

"Zombie," Fela Kuti, 1976

"The Beast in Me,"
Johnny Cash, 1994





DESTINY

ACTIVISION (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3)

Even if you don't know diddly about this futuristic first-person shooter, *Destiny* will probably have you at *Halo*. It's the first new franchise from Bungie, the studio that masterminded Master Chief and the mega-selling *Halo* series for Microsoft's machines. Despite a few superficial similarities (floaty physics, limited weapon slots, and an emphasis on 20-second firefights), *Destiny* is a fresh start and a world apart from the *Halo* titles.

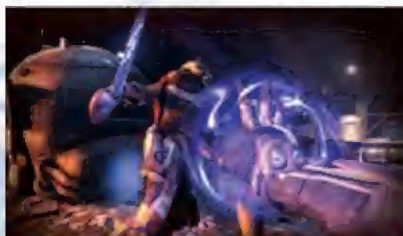
The game is set hundreds of years in the future, after a golden age of solar-system exploration and colonization has put mankind on the path to a *Star Trek*-style utopia. Then, for unknown reasons, our space-faring civilization collapses. Humanity is exterminated except for straggling survivors on Earth, saved in the eleventh hour by a mysterious mechanical mini moon—known as “the Traveler”—that parks itself over a

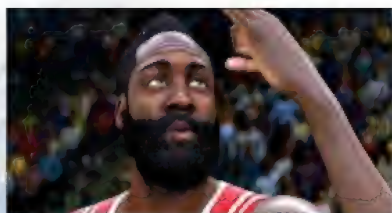


Russian city. You play a soldier tasked with defending that city from strange alien invaders. Over the course of the game you'll tour the solar system, shuttling from Venus to the moons of Saturn.

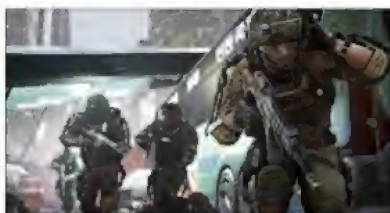
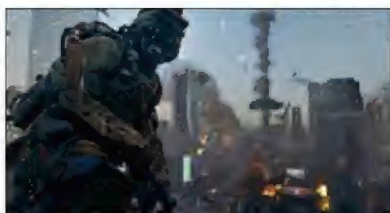
Multiplayer—both competitive and cooperative—is the key component here. Unlike with the *Halo* games, the universe is shared by other players. You can team up with friends or strangers for “public events” that push along the campaign's story, dive into smaller cooperative boss fights with a fire team of friends, or simply go off on your own adventure.

Although it's a shooter at its heart, *Destiny* shares roleplaying elements with games like *Diablo*. You can choose from three different characters (a brawling Titan, a nimble Hunter, or a tech-wielding Warlock) and track down new armor sets and level-clearing weaponry—aka “loot.”



**NBA LIVE 15****EA SPORTS (XBOX ONE, PS4)**

Stepping up its rivalry with the formidable *NBA 2K15*, this year's installment of EA Sports' basketball simulation puts a full-court press behind its physics system while piling on improvements to passing-, shooting-, and dribbling-control responsiveness. Every dunk, jostle, layup, drive, and post move in the three-point zone is now governed by a real-world physics system, deep-sixing the canned plays of past games while adding more realism to the busiest zone on the court. NBA All-Star Damian Lillard hosts a tutorial mode to ease newbies into the game, while new Hot-Spot Challenges (which rate you on how well you can re-create real-world plays) add more variety to the online season mode.

**CALL OF DUTY: ADVANCED WARFARE****ACTIVISION (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, PC)**

Advanced Warfare fast-forwards to 2054—a grim future for anyone not named Dick Cheney. Private military corporations police the world, equipping soldiers with strength-boosting exoskeletons and smart weaponry based on today's tech. Players enlist in a private army tasked with saving humanity from a global threat. It's the standard setup, but the souped-up suits are a game-changer, letting you go all Tony Stark to slam into enemies, boost out of harm's way, grapple buildings for a fast escape, and cloak for temporary invisibility. Exoskeleton abilities extend into the cooperative and multiplayer modes, helping even the odds for players who didn't grow up wielding virtual assault rifles.

**FORZA HORIZON 2****MICROSOFT (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360)**

Car aficionados buy the *Forza* series for its impeccable re-creations of exotic autos, but sometimes you just want to drive a \$300,000 Lamborghini Huracán through a cornfield at top speed. This sequel follows the sandbox model of 2012's *Horizon* spin-off, offering much of southern France and northern Italy as a racing playground complete with dynamic weather, day-and-night cycles, and countless shortcuts through alleyways and the countryside. Choose from more than 200 real-life autos—from Detroit muscle cars to off-road monstrosities—and hit the road for hundreds of events, including races against planes and trains. Choose to jump online at any time to take on real-life competitors, or stick to offline mode and face "drivatar" replicants of real players (including yourself).

Forgotten Realms

Three new-school adventures with old-school charm.

**Divinity: Original Sin****Larian Studios (PC)**

A loving homage to the time-sapping *Baldur's Gate* series, *Original Sin* lets multiple players sally forth on an epic adventure with deep character development and strategic turn-based battles. If you don't like the quest, use the included level editor to make your own.

**Hail to the King: Deathbat****Avenged Sevenfold (Apple and Android mobile devices)**

Metal band Avenged Sevenfold masterminded this action roleplaying game, sort of a satanic speed-metal spin on the *Diablo* games. The band's lead singer is a lifelong gamer and a pro-level player; he insists this is a labor of love, not a licensing cash-in.

**Skyforge****Sf.My.com (PC)**

Sci-fi weapons and ancient mythology collide in this free, massively multiplayer roleplaying game overseen by Obsidian Entertainment (the maestros behind the *Neverwinter Nights* RPGs). Players start as immortals and work together—or against one another—to become gods.



LOOKS THAT KILL

Even gadgets
can be drop-dead
gorgeous.

By Crispin Boyer

■ **Skull Face smart-
phone/tablet stand**

400oz.com • \$78 to
\$298, depending on size
and finish

"Badass" isn't a word you'd use to describe a typical smartphone or tablet stand, but the Skull Face stand is hardly typical. Like everything else in this roundup, it's a gorgeous blend of form and function. The smaller smartphone stand is made from high-grade resin that's hefty enough to support your phone in its teeth. The larger version props up your tablet for hands-free viewing. Prices vary based on finish, from gold to silver to matte black or white. And unlike most platform-specific gadget stands, the Skull Face line is compatible with virtually all devices.

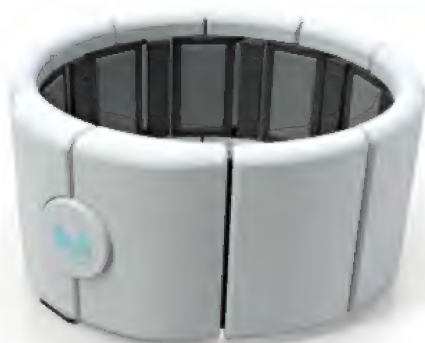




■ Sphère hard drive

LaCie • \$490

Designed by French luxury studio Christofle and hand-crafted of silver-plated steel, LaCie's Sphère comes across as a pretentious piece of tech even before you notice the accent in its name. But this "functional work of art" is nevertheless a refreshing change from typical hard-drive designs that put function over form. Polished to a mirrorlike gleam and slightly smaller than a bowling ball, the Sphère is an ideal external drive for devices that sit out on display (such as media streamers and music players). And since it packs one terabyte of storage, a hidden USB 3.0 port, and a suite of data-backup apps, it still manages to mix some function with its form.



■ Myo gesture-control armband

Thalmic Labs • \$149

Strap this plastic band to your wrist and suddenly you have powers of telekinesis. Flick your fingers to fast-forward videos on your laptop. Flash the devil horns to start your music playlist. Twist your wrist to turn remote-control gadgets or guide your robot vacuum. Draw in the air to highlight presentations. It might look to everyone else like you're controlling your tech with your mind, but actually it's all in the wrist. The Myo armband reads the electrical impulses in your forearm muscles and translates them into commands for a wide range of smartphone, tablet, laptop, and remote-control apps.



■ Poseidon titanium watch

Reactor • \$900 to \$1,500 (standard versus limited-edition model)

Crafted for a high-pressure lifestyle (literally), this timepiece packs precision movement into a lightweight titanium casing, with a depth rating of up to 1,000 meters (deep enough that the wearer will die before the watch). But while it's built with rotating bezels and illumination features for divers dodging hammerheads at 15 fathoms and sailors reefing the main-sail in Cape Horn storms, you don't need to live like Ernest Hemingway to reap its benefits. The design, complete with a rear-casing window into its innards, is a mix of Jules Verne and James Bond, and is as perfect for the boardroom and trendy bars as it is for the briny deep.



■ GT72 Dominator Pro notebook

MSi • \$2,600 to \$3,000,
depending on configuration

This bombastically named notebook is built to replace bulky, high-end desktop machines (and possibly empty your savings account in the process), cramming the mightiest graphics, audio, memory, networking, cooling, and even keyboard components into a sleek—and beautiful—chassis, complete with a 17.3-inch antireflective screen and an extra-large track pad. The slightly cheaper base model is still the Ferrari of notebooks, with a Core i7 CPU and NVIDIA GeForce GTX 880M graphics card that's punchy enough for even the most demanding games and multimedia applications. The backlit keyboard by peripheral-maker SteelSeries is satisfyingly tactile and completely programmable, letting you customize the mood lighting and commands for each game.




■ HU9000 Smart UHD TV

Samsung • \$3,300 (55-inch model) to \$8,000 (78-inch model)

Size is hardly the only thing that matters when you're shopping for a new boob tube today; now you need to sweat the specs: connectivity, minimum resolution, upgradability, integration with other A/V gear, backlight technology, processor speed—a dizzying assortment of technology. Samsung's HU9000 makes shopping easier because it offers top-of-the-line features across the board, from 4K "ultra-high-def" resolution to an upscaler for non-4K content to precision color and black levels to a pop-up camera and voice commands. The screen has a subtle curve to improve viewing angles and create the perception of a room-wrapping image. And while the eye-popping price pushes it outside the realm of an impulse buy, the chipset at least is upgradable for format compatibility and general future-proofing.

■ Clio wireless speaker

ClearView • \$349

Wireless Bluetooth speakers might be the fastest growing class of gadgets, but far too many of them come in pretty much the same boxy shape and size. This Bluetooth speaker stands out precisely because it lacks a shape or size, coming about as close as you'll find to an invisible speaker. The 24-watt system consists of a slim, foot-long base that supports a 9 1/4-inch-tall sheet of slightly curved acrylic. Actuators built into the base vibrate the sides of the panel, turning the entire sheet into a stereo speaker that broadcasts sound in every direction (so you can set it anywhere in the room). You'll like the Clio for its rich, room-filling sound; your girlfriend will like it because it's not just another ugly box. 



THE CADDY ELECTRIC

GM's luxury marque embraces voltage. By Bill Heald

It's funny how history repeats itself. If you think way back to our industrial past, you'll see what a big deal it was when we started running things with electrical current, and, piece by piece, began replacing existing technology with newfangled electric devices. One area where this advancement didn't set the world on fire was personal transportation, as we've been reluctant to abandon the internal-combustion engine—primarily because the attributes of electric vehicles have been outweighed by the specter of limited range. We cover a lot of ground in these United States and need to keep moving (often many hundreds of miles) to reach our destinations in a timely manner.





The compromise has been the hybrid car, which adds an electric motor to a gasoline engine so the car runs on both. A derivation of this is the Chevy Volt; the car has a gas engine on board, but only to charge the batteries for the electric motor, thus making it "extended-range electric." The Volt is a very frugal ride, especially when you plug it in overnight and forgo using the gas engine for charging until the batteries get depleted. If only there were a more upscale, sexy type of extended-range electric, then we'd really have something more alluring than just an environmentally sound vehicle.

Cadillac, having accepted the challenge, used the same basic idea of the Volt architecture to create a very futuristic two-door coupe. This is a showcase for the latest in drivetrain technology, and a celebration of state-of-the-art convenience, infotainment, safety, and luxury features.


The Cadillac ELR looks like a concept car (and it is, in fact, based closely on one) and is a unique entry in a class of car that really doesn't exist, except for this one example.

The propulsion comes strictly from a motorized drive system that produces the equivalent of 162 horsepower and takes the front-drive ELR to 60 miles an hour in less than eight seconds. The liquid-smooth (and torque-rich) characteristics of an electric power train are always a trip if you're used to the old internal-combustion world, and the nearly silent thrust is very addictive. The motors are juiced by a huge, lithium-ion battery pack that is mounted in a "T" formation down the spine of the car. This battery array is then charged by plugging in the car using conventional 120-volt household current (say, overnight), or a dedicated 240-volt charging station (about five hours), or by the onboard gasoline generator, also called the Range Extender.

In addition, regenerative braking is used for charging, meaning when coasting or braking, the electric motor switches into generator mode,

and the momentum of the car turns the generator, thus supplying power for the batteries. This also provides some braking for the vehicle, and unique to the ELR is "Regen on Demand," where paddles on the steering wheel activate this system. With some practice, you can slow the car using your fingers instead of the brake pedal. It's really cool once you get the hang of it, and you're charging the batteries in the process.

Range on a full charge is about 35 miles until the gas generator kicks in, and with a full tank you can go another 300 miles before plugging in and refueling. This is a good thing, because the leather seats, awesome Bose sound system, and a host of wizardry (including full-speed range Adaptive Cruise Control) encourage long trips, and the cramped rear seats help ensure there's room for only one passenger cozily seated next to you.

The ELR is fun to drive and it definitely puts yet another nail in the coffin of Cadillac's wallowing-barge image of the past. The marque's first extended-range electric car epitomizes seductive, high-tech luxury, plus you can tell your date you're saving the planet, too. Looks like a win-win to us. 



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	Two electric motors plus 1.4-liter inline-four generator
Power	217 (system total)
Torque	295 foot-pounds
Transmission	Electric drive system
Front tires	245/40 R20
Rear tires	245/40 R20
Curb weight	4,050 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	7.8 seconds (EV mode)
Top speed	106 mph
Fuel capacity	9.3 gallons
EPA mpg	Electric: 82 mpg city/highway combined; gas only: 33 mpg city/highway combined
Price as tested	\$82,135

THE **ART** OF MUSCLE


Victory makes dark matter a very cool trip. • By Bill Heald

It's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it. Motorcycle designers have to make performance, ride, and handling as impressive and satisfying as possible, all while creating a mount you want to admire and be seen on. A ride that meets these goals inspires the owner to polish, customize, enlist the right passenger, and ultimately be identified as a rider of discerning taste. Victory Motorcycles has done an amazing job at not only satisfying this criteria, but doing it while rolling into a cruiser market that is dominated by one of the most iconic motorcycle marques in history: Harley-Davidson. Victory accomplished this by building bikes that Harley fans might find attractive in terms of overall style, but from there the company boldly goes its own way to make a fresh statement that's all Victory. Nowhere is this more beautifully expressed than in the new Cross Roads 8-Ball, a member of the 8-Ball family that is kitted out to be a minimalist tour bike available in only one color—black. This paint scheme makes it stealthy and one of the most perfectly executed street machines you'll find on the American road.



Before we get all misty-eyed over its looks, let's examine the hard parts that make this a genuine piece of heavy-metal iron. It's powered by Victory's huge 106/6 Freedom V-twin, with the first figure representing the cubic-inch displacement and the second denoting the six-speed transmission. The engine itself is so beautifully detailed that it's both a jewel to gaze upon and a fitting announcement that this is a Victory motorcycle. The big bike's chassis is tuned to take advantage of this mill's massive torque with carbon-fiber-reinforced belt final drive, upside-down front forks, and a single rear shock with air-adjustable preload to tailor the ride to your load of the

day. The brakes are 300mm dual units up front, and a single 300mm disc in back. The rest is blissful simplicity that's executed in such a way that makes minimalism seem almost ornate, thanks to creatively sculpted fenders, tank, and the surprisingly capacious saddlebags. The instrumentation is spartan, but looks perfectly fitting on a bike such as this, and the single clock has more functions than you might think. The upright riding position and huge floorboards make getting comfortable easy, and are further helped by the deep, broad saddle.

Finally, the lack of a fairing makes this a motorcycle for the purist, where the atmosphere of the road surrounds you. It's here that the tick-over of that mighty V-twin, the power of the wind, and the aromas of the world you're passing through let you experience what the true beauty of riding is all about. 



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air/oil-cooled, 50-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	101mm x 108mm
Displacement	1,731 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43mm male slider forks
Rear suspension	Single rear shock, air preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 300mm discs
Rear brake	Single 300mm disc
Front tire	130/70B18
Rear tire	180/60R16
Fuel capacity	5.8 gallons
Wheelbase	65.7 inches
Seat height	26.3 inches
Curb weight	724 pounds
Base price	\$15,999; California: \$16,249

DEAD MAN DRINKING

Have a little too much fun on Halloween? Bring your ravaged body back from the dead with a Corpse Reviver.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

Even as a kid, Halloween gave me a world-beating hangover. Back then, it was a sugar high's jittery comedown—my fingers shaking, my belly somersaulting from too many Butterfingers, Almond Joys, and Reese's Peanut Butter Cups.

Though I've since outgrown my sugar habit, Halloween still gives me a sledgehammer hangover. Instead of candy, the culprits are double IPAs and bourbon.

To rouse my carcass, I typically turn to a Bloody Mary. But some mornings are so painful that the mere thought of tomato juice sends me crawling toward the closest toilet. Revitalizing my cadaver requires some serious cocktail alchemy—an elixir so potent it could rouse the dead. "Bring me a Corpse Reviver," I croak.

As long as mankind has experienced hangovers, we've sought ways to cure or at least alleviate the symptoms. Bacon-and-egg sandwiches and coffee have their bleary-eyed adherents. However, I most often opt for the hair of the dog. And few drinks are as adept at salvaging my wrecked mornings as Corpse Revivers.

Though the exact origins of the morbidly named drinks are as fuzzy as last night's memories, historian Ted "Dr. Cocktail" Haigh's *Vintage Spirits and Forgotten Cocktails* traces their lineage to the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, where they were often identified as a "reviver" or "eye-opener." By the time Prohibition rolled around, writes Haigh, there were multiple members of this drinks family, of which the most iconic example hails from Harry Craddock.

Developed at London's Savoy Hotel, Craddock's Corpse Reviver No. 2 is a bright, bracing union of gin, lemon juice, Cointreau, Lillet Blanc, and a dash or two of absinthe. "It's such a perfect little drink—one of those mixocological mysteries in which four ingredients come together in equal parts to be so much greater than the sum of their parts," says St. John Frizell, owner of Brooklyn's Fort Defiance, which pours the excellent Breuckelen Corpse Reviver.

Tart, light, aromatic, and boozy, the cocktail can arm-wrestle even the fiercest hangover into submission—provided you consume enough. "Four of these taken in quick succession will un-revive the corpse again," Craddock famously wrote in his authoritative *Savoy Cocktail Handbook*, which was published in 1930. (In the book, he referred to his famous Corpse Reviver as "No. 2" to differentiate it from another recipe.) For best results, he added, the cocktails "should be taken before 11 A.M., or whenever steam and energy are needed."

By the tail end of the twentieth century, Corpse Revivers were six feet underground. However, in today's twirled-mustache bartending world, what's old is new again. Along with sours, swizzles, daisies, and Caribbean punches, the Corpse Reviver is once more in demand. It's on brunch menus from Jacksonville, Florida's Orsay to Chicago's Sable.

Though there's nothing wrong with sipping a Reviver any hour of the day, Frizell says the drink shines brightest in the A.M. "That combination of lemon, orange, anise, and juniper is like God's own mouthwash," he says.



Breuckelen Corpse Reviver
(Courtesy of Fort Defiance)

INGREDIENTS

- .75 ounce Breuckelen Glorious gin
- .75 ounce Cocchi Americano
- .75 ounce Cointreau
- .75 ounce lemon juice
- Absinthe

Combine all ingredients except absinthe in shaker, and shake hard over ice. Using a Misto sprayer full of absinthe, spray the inside of a chilled cocktail glass. Strain cocktail into a glass. No garnish.

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BROOKLYN BOY MAKES GOOD

We've invited a select group of cultural icons to share their definition of what makes women beautiful. This month, actor Michael K. Williams takes us to his old stomping grounds in East Flatbush, Brooklyn.

Interview by Raphie Aronowitz
Photographs by Carter B. Smith

Michael K. Williams, best known for his roles as Chalky White on *Boardwalk Empire* and as Omar Little on *The Wire*, tells us why he wanted to go back to his old neighborhood, why he selected LaAbrid to be his model, and how she helps tell his story of the "everywoman."



Man. You just went for it.

I jumped at the chance to define what a beautiful woman is to me. How many times do men get the opportunity to do that in a publication such as *Penthouse*?

You were on a mission. You had your vision and there was no stopping you.

I wanted to capture what I saw when I was young, and who I had crushes on growing up as a youngster in Brooklyn. That dark-skin sister who would whoop that ass at the drop of a dime, but knew how to be a lady. She knew how to be a nurturer, a mom. And she knew how to love her man. I wanted to celebrate that. That *everywoman*, that *round-the-way* girl from the 'hood.

Why did you choose to go back to your old neighborhood to tell your story?

Going back to the projects where I grew up—to Vanderveer [now a newly renovated community known as Flatbush Gardens]—was important to me, because I grew up seeing so many beautiful women who never got celebrated. I grew up seeing so much potential. A lot of us never got the opportunity to express that potential on another level the way that I was blessed to be able to. So I wanted to take the camera back and show that it's not just me. I'm not a freak accident.

I'm impressed that the crew followed you into the projects.

People tend to think about my community and think negatively about it. Let's not kid ourselves. There's been a lot of violence over the years. But that's not all there is to the community. I wanted to show the beauty and the people and the sex appeal that exists.

Is that also why the model you selected is someone you grew up with? Are you and LaAbril close?
LaAbril has been a lot of things to me. She's been like a sister to me. She's been a good friend. She's cooked for me. She's challenged me. She also knew how to nurture me and give me support when I needed it early on in my career. She saw my whole career grow. From the very beginning, she has been there with me, and I just love her for all of those things.

Sure, but there's a big difference between loving someone and

“I find inner strength to be a very sexy and beautiful thing in women. The everyday woman who can get up, go to work, take care of her kids, and still make time to be sexy.”





thinking they're hot.

What gravitated me toward LaAbrid was definitely a combination of things. The way she looks—that dark skin and the way she wears her hair. Her confidence—I find that very attractive. And her essence. She's a very strong-minded woman. She's a mom of two. I happen to think that her body type is extremely sexy, and I wanted to share that with the world.

I guess that's a good enough setup for me to ask: What do you find sexy?
I find inner strength to be a very sexy

and beautiful thing in women. The everyday woman who can get up, go to work, take care of the kids, and still make time to be sexy or to enjoy her sexuality and be feminine. When I see a woman who embodies all of those aspects, that makes her sexy to me. Not just how she looks.

The way it should be.

You look in the media and in magazines and various publications that are "A-list," and I never see the images that I grew up finding sexy. That's another thing I love about LaAbrid: how much confidence she has. How much she loves her body. She embraces everything about her body and she wears it well. It's not about race. It's not about the area you come from. I want every woman in America, every woman who's not a size-one model, to look at this shoot and be like, "Damn. Go ahead, girl. You did the damn thing." I want to celebrate all the women across the world that live LaAbrid's lifestyle, which is the everyday woman.

Was there any particular body part you wanted to highlight?

The stomach. I think that's so sexy. I can put my head on a woman's stomach. There's just something very intimate about that. Just sit there and rub her stomach. I don't know ... I find that sexy and very, very intimate.

Was it challenging to work with a friend who had no previous modeling experience?

The world may not know her as a professional model, but if you knew her personally, you'd know that there's nothing she can't do. There was never a doubt in my mind that she could handle the shoot. I know her essence. I know her swagger. She's that comfortable with her sexuality. She's that comfortable with her body, with her skin tone. She's a very confident woman. That's what came across in these pictures. Not that she knows how to work a camera. She's so comfortable with herself whether the camera is running or not. That's just her every day, all day.

The shoot highlights LaAbrid going through her daily routine. But it gets a little freaky behind closed doors. How does this come into play?

The dominatrix part of the shoot is actually a part of LaAbrid. That's in her. That's a side of her personality. She's not afraid to walk up to a man

"The world may not know LaAbrid as a professional model, but if you knew her personally, you'd know there's nothing she can't do."







and be like, "What's up?" You know what I mean? That's just a part of who she is. I'm not saying that the actual act of being a dominatrix is what she's about. I'm talking about a demonstrative female who can act like the aggressor. She's not the type of chick who goes to the club looking for the baller. She goes to the club and *she'll* be the baller. The dominatrix spoke to that part of her personality—not so much that she's into chains and whips.

Did you know LaAbril had all those piercings?

No. We had bought fake body jewelry for the S&M part of the shoot, and when she undressed, we just said, "Well, you can put those away." But that's why she was the perfect person for the shoot. It was those little things.

You don't strike me as a body-piercing kind of guy, whatever that means.

It worked for the shoot. I'm not a big piercing guy. I'm not a big tattoo guy. But LaAbril had just the right amount. It wasn't overdone. I'm more for just natural. If you have them, I'm not going to discriminate. I can just take it or leave it.

How does the finished product match your expectations?

I absolutely think that the photo shoot reflects my vision. I pulled together a phenomenal team. Derrick Kollock, who did the hair and makeup ... he's from Brooklyn. He's from the projects. We grew up in the same environment, and so he knows my eye. He knew exactly what I was talking about and what I was looking for. My other good friend [stylist] Eric Archibald has walked the streets of New York his whole life. [Photographer] Carter B. Smith ... I know he understands what a beautiful woman is, and he is also nontraditional in his taste in women. I feel that I assembled a dream team for the shoot, and I'm very excited that we captured my vision.

Do you have a favorite photo?

My favorite shot is LaAbril on the bed with the Afro wig. She created her own version of Foxy Brown. She was completely nude, and there was an innocence to it. She flirted. There was a passion, a vulnerability and honesty, that came across in those pictures. That is my absolute favorite.



"In her bedroom she would take off all her masks, all her makeup, and still be just as beautiful."





“My favorite shot is LaAbril completely nude on the bed with the Afro wig. She created her own version of Foxy Brown.”

Did you bring those masks to the set?

The masks were already on the wall, and we decided to use them. I like the masks. To me, the everyday woman wears many masks. She has to be so many different things in the course of the day. They deal with so many different things being thrown at them. The masks ended up representing part of the story that I wanted to tell. In her bedroom she would take off all her masks, all her makeup, and still be just as beautiful.

There's nothing more sexy than a woman who's well put together in the morning, dropping her kids off at school. Getting ready to catch that train and going to work. Taking care of her life, her kids, and her family's lives. I just want to celebrate that. It's very easy with the way we live now for the everyday woman to feel unsexy and unloved and uncelebrated, because life can beat her down. I want this to be an homage to the woman who works hard and takes care of her family—to let her know that, as a man, I see you, Ma. I think you are very beautiful, and I find you sexy. ◻

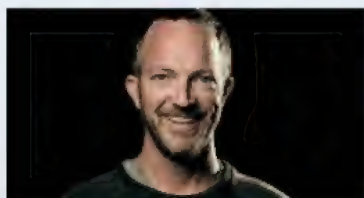


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Off the Beaten Path

By Jonathan Ward

Anyone who knows anything about the controversial roots of *Penthouse* editorial content will understand the inclusion of a column that delivers a nontraditional perspective. So pardon me if I don't detail for you a ride in that latest luxury corycat sedan or soulless tin can. I would rather expose you to some of the most unique automobile events and collections in the world by turning you on to races that are still all about the spirit of racing (shocker!), and by introducing you to unique individuals who question the norm and push to realize their own extraordinary visions. You'll be joining me for a drive in some of the best vehicles ever designed—some well-known and celebrated, some rarely discussed.



First, let me introduce myself: My name is Jonathan Ward, and I'm the CEO and head designer of ICON, a unique company celebrated for blending classic automotive design with contemporary enhancements. I have no formal degrees, and I bring you nothing but my personal perspective and a love of what I do.

At ICON, we simply seek to marry the timeless quality and beauty of the classics with the technological conveniences and advancements of modern vehicles. We believe that art is in the details. We believe that

shareholders and the bottom line should never stifle inspiration. And we believe in challenging ourselves to shake up the industry's standards. So we partner with some of the best names in the design, automotive, architecture, marine, and aerospace fields to fuse higher-quality elements with older vehicles and to raise the bar in transportation design.

ICON offers a limited range of "production" vehicles based on the 1947-1953 Chevrolet Thriftmaster pickup, the 1960s Ford Bronco, and the 1970s Toyota Land Cruiser. While brilliant in their day, it takes a special sort of driver to enjoy the antiquated experience those archaic systems provide in contrast with modern vehicles. At ICON, we re-engineer as we restore, reimagining the details to

expand functionality.

We also offer unique one-off customs called Derelicts and Reformers. Derelicts comprise almost any vehicle built since the 1930s that we transform into the ultimate sleeper with tons of character. After we hunt down examples with great integrity and tons of patina, we liberate the body from the tired old undercarriage, laser-scan the original, and computer-design a modern chassis to host the latest and greatest goodies ... then hide it all under the original body and trim. We restore and redesign the interior to support modern conveniences, such as navigation systems, killer audio, air-conditioning, power windows, etc.

Reformers feature the same melding of technology and performance with the vintage aesthetic, but we restore them to perfection by putting ourselves in the shoes of the original designer and ask ourselves what that designer would have done without all the big corporate restrictions. We get to have fun redesigning all the great details. Case in point: this 1965 Dodge



D200 crew cab. We started off with an ex-Air Force truck built in 1965 and a modern Dodge 3500 Mega Cab truck. We took all the mechanical goodness from the newer Dodge truck and engineered the vintage body to blend with its modern platform. We worked with diesel legend Gale Banks to massage more power from the stock Dodge systems to achieve a mind-blowing 975 foot-pounds of torque, enhanced the suspension and brakes, ceramic-coated the exhaust, and added a methanol system to reduce the exhaust temperature. The interior is finished with American bison hide and English Wilton wool. Some other cool features include a repurposed ashtray that houses a touch screen for engine management and navigation, and a high-end Focal audio system controlled through the original stock AM-radio knobs.

Remember when vehicles expressed a diverse approach to design and were not simply copycats of one another? Remember when car companies were full of engineers and designers with vision? Automobiles used to be one of the greatest creative expressions of design and personal taste. Now the industry is driven by pencil pushers and focus groups rather than passion, energy, and imagination. Join me in upcoming issues as I seek to inspire and inform you by delivering stories from the fringes of car culture from all over the world. 



Top: A 1952 Chevrolet Styleline Coupe ICON Derelict; above left: ICON BR, based on the 1960s Ford Bronco; above right: ICON Thriftmaster pickup, based on the 1947-53 Chevrolet 3100 pickup; left: an ICON Reformer 1965 D200 Dodge crew cab; below: the FJ series ICON vehicles (from left, the FJ40, the FJ44, the FJ45, the FJ43)



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SHAMPOO BOTTLE



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BOOBIES *



DIRECTLY INTO SINK



BUSH



CUM BOX **



a WILLING
MOUTH *

* - RECOMMENDED

** - NOT RECOMMENDED

HACK THYSELF

Six biohacks for improved sex, smarts, sleep, and strength.

By Joe Vennare

No—not whack thyself. Chances are good that you've got that covered. But hey, we're not judging. However, we do ask that you give yourself a break (temporarily) while reading up on some self-enhancement instead.

Self-enhancement? Now you're paying attention. For the sake of full disclosure, this article won't contribute anything in the way of inches to your manhood, but it could add a few points to your IQ score. There's also a chance you could learn to last longer, making up for any (what we'll call) shortcomings.

If that's not enough to convince you, maybe improved sleep and a stronger physique will do the trick. How, you ask? It's called biohacking, gents, and it just might be the secret to making the most of our genes, no matter the biological card we've been dealt.

WARNING
OUR LAWYERS MADE US SAY THIS
This column is for informational and entertainment purposes only and is not a substitute for medical advice, diagnosis, or treatment.



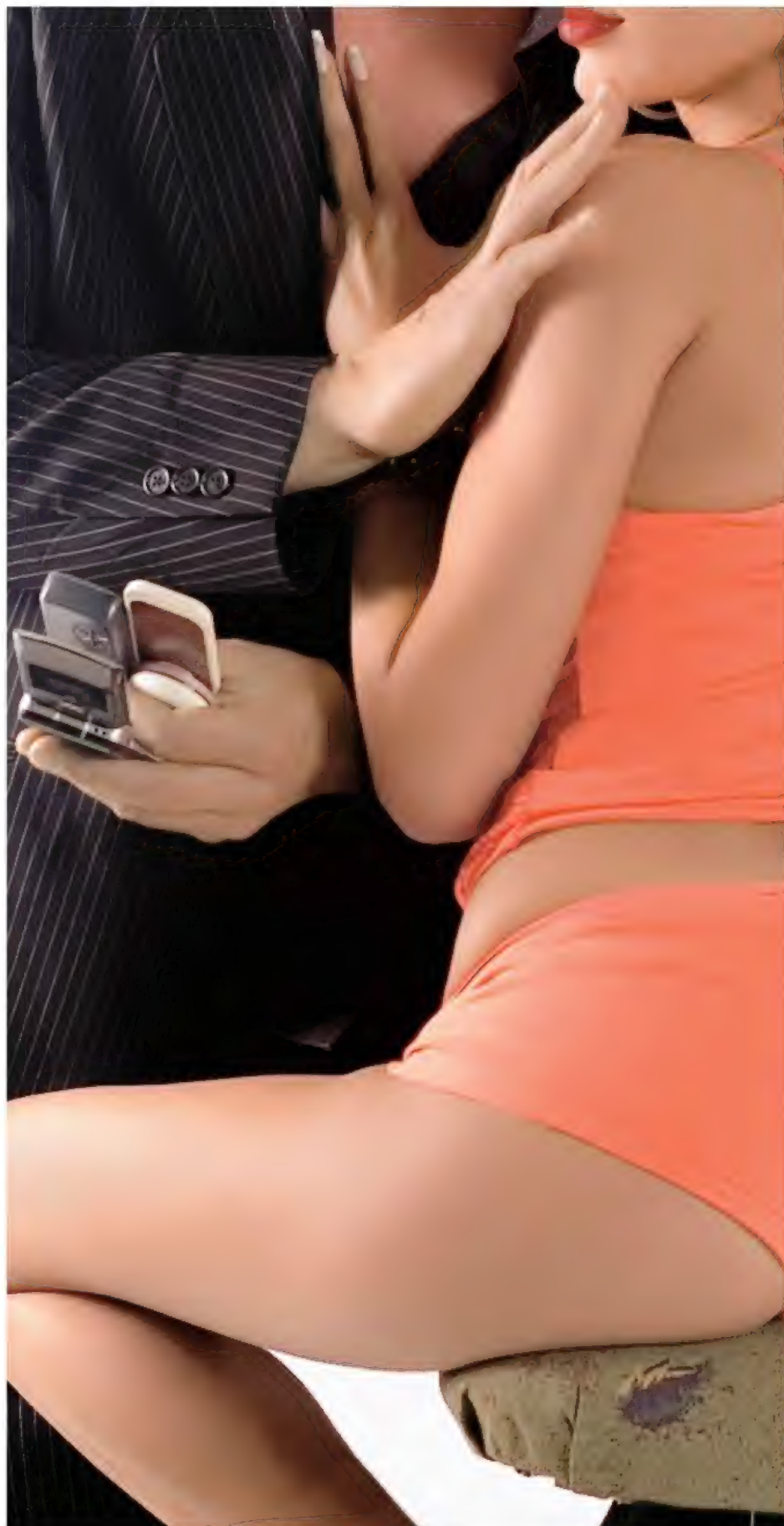
Yes, "hacking"—a word that is commonly associated with cyber-crimes and compromising computer performance. But in this context, "biohacking" refers to the processes of optimizing biological potential to accelerate human performance. If computer hackers assemble a demolition kit to compromise codes (think Trojan-horse viruses and other password-cracking exploits), biohackers keep a toolbox packed with tips and tricks for upgrading their genetic capabilities. From smart pills and sleep aids to diet protocols and meditative practices, biohackers are implementing processes aimed at improving every aspect of their lives.

The Evolution of the Evolved Self

It's no secret that technology has crept into every corner of our lives. A survey conducted by Harris Interactive supports that assertion—nearly 20 percent of smartphone owners in the United States between the ages of 18 and 34 check their devices during sex.

Aside from using a smartphone to distract themselves from what one has to assume is an incredibly underwhelming experience (or perhaps document a really stellar one?), an increasing number of people are looking to their devices for help with going healthy. Earlier this year, the Nielsen company reported that some 46 million individuals used their smartphones to access an app in the fitness-and-health category during January 2014. What this tells us is that despite questions surrounding the effectiveness of fitness apps and wearable technologies, an increasing number of individuals are taking to their phone to track, analyze, and quantify various aspects of health.

In the past, we've looked to rudimentary measures like numbers on a scale when attempting to quantify our health. But with the emergence of more and better technologies comes the ability to better assess, well, everything. Entire industries have been built around the idea of collecting and analyzing "big data." Now a movement known as Quantified Self (QS) is seeking to do the same for individuals. These health-hackers track their own personal data, from steps taken to hours slept. As Gary Wolf, cofounder of the Quantified Self movement, puts it, ascribing a number to every nuance allows us to "get to know ourselves better."



Know, Then Do

While the Quantified Selfers led by Wolf are using data points to determine what's happening, another group known as biohackers are using their data to make things happen. This group, a kissing cousin of QS, is led by chief biohacker Dave Asprey, who recognizes the significance of data and technology in our lives. He points out that increased access to our personal information "isn't just telling us what we are. It's telling us what we can be."

And if there's room to grow, Asprey will find a way to harness this untapped potential. Having spent more than \$300,000 hacking every aspect of his life, Asprey claims to have increased his IQ by more than 20 points and lost more than 100 pounds without exercising, all while eating a 4,500-calorie-a-day diet. He credits a series of hacks (see below) with having transformed every aspect of his mood, sleep habits, stress levels, and overall well-being.

But let's not get carried away with all this superhuman stuff. After all, biohacking isn't exactly a proven science. While there is some anecdotal evidence in support of the hack-happy crowd, it's definitely not recognized by the medical community—so hack at your own risk.

Here's a look at the tactics trending among the data-tracking and biohacking populations.


1. Sleep soundly. As a people, we're pretty sleep deprived. Next to sitting all day and a pitiful diet, lack of sleep is one of our most deadly habits. And when it comes to sleep, quality matters just as much as quantity. If you're picking up what Asprey is putting down, then you might even say that quality matters more. Biohackers like Asprey use blackout curtains, a sleep-tracking app, and a host of supplements, including magnesium, melatonin, L-theanine, and GABA, to sleep less and make it feel like more.

2. Train your brain. Some evidence suggests that our brains are like our muscles in that we can train them to become stronger. This concept is known as neuroplasticity—examining how the brain changes over a life span. When it comes to brain power, hacks start with a daily meditation and quickly escalate to training software like Lumosity and the Quantified Mind app—an online cognitive-optimization platform.

3. Butter me up. Many of us consume our daily dose of caffeine via a cup of coffee. Asprey is no different, except he doesn't take his coffee black, or with cream or sugar. Asprey adds organic, unsalted, grass-fed butter to his coffee. It's part of a concoction he calls Bulletproof coffee. The recipe also calls for toxin-free coffee beans and a concentrated form of coconut oil—medium-chain triglycerides. Claims are that the butter satiates and the MCT oil improves focus. Together, according to Asprey, these components make it possible to go hours without ingesting anything other than the coffee, all the while burning the high amounts of fat instead of carbohydrates.

4. Feast on fat. The biohacking fat feast doesn't stop with breakfast; fat is the foundation for Asprey's entire diet. It's what he refers to as an upgraded paleo diet, wherein up to 50 percent of caloric intake is from high-quality fats like coconut oil, avocados, nuts, and grass-fed meats. There are no processed foods or refined sugar allowed. Just highly nutritious foods that can be grown or gathered, as well as meat from wild game.

5. Exercise less. Sometimes, less is more. And exercise is no different. Cutting down on working out starts with finding the minimum effective dose (MED)—the smallest dose that will produce the desired outcome. When it comes to exercise, the MED means cutting down on time spent in the gym by upping the intensity and selecting the best exercises and equipment. In this case, it's best to use free weights to complete compound, total-body movements like the squat, dead lift, overhead press, bent row, and bench press.

6. Don't blow it. In sporting circles, it's long been believed that pregame sex was a bad idea, even for days and weeks leading up to an event. But scientists have validated this urban legend by showing a causal relationship between ejaculation and serum testosterone levels. When a group of men abstained from ejaculation for seven days, their testosterone peaked at 145.7 percent above the baseline. Armed with this knowledge, Asprey limits himself to one orgasm every eight days. By limiting orgasms, men channel their energy elsewhere and improve their satisfaction when they do let loose. 





NINJAS and TIGERS and BATS...

Oh, My!

The Penthouse Store turned
our models into delectable
Halloween eye candy.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi




Far left: Skin Diamond in Sexy Assassin, a romper with strap and stud detailing, plus a pair of swords (\$100); left: Marica Hase in the Sassy Tigress catsuit and ears (\$60); above: Aidra Fox in Bat Costume, which has cutout sides with straps, wings, and ears (\$80); all from Roma Costumes.



[costume party]





Opposite page, left: Marica Hase in (top) *Pretty Peacock*, a strapless romper with a detachable skirt that sports a peacock fan and bow (\$140), and (bottom) *Sexy Pirateer*, a ruffled bra top with jeweled detailing, a waist cincher, and a four-layer skirt (\$170); both from Roma Costumes. Opposite page, right: Layla Sin in Roma Costume's *Mischievous Mobster*, a long-sleeve romper with button detailing (\$22), and Daisy Marie in J. Valentine's *Bad Cop*, a tube romper with a fishnet shrug, an eyelet harness, a hat, and a faux-leather belt with holster, gun, and cellphone pouch (\$80). This page: Romi Rain in *Siren of the Sea*, a fully boned, sequined corset with lace-up detailing in the back and a sequined mermaid-tail skirt (\$240), from Roma Costumes. 



Carla Valentine at Barts Pathology Museum

DYING FOR A DATE?

By Christine Colby

Carla Valentine works at Barts Pathology Museum in London, repairing anatomical specimens and teaching pathology. She's also worked as an anatomical pathology technologist (APT), assisting in postmortem examinations.

Needless to say, small-talking about her job during dinner dates could put people off their meals, and might not always lead to romance. Valentine says, "APTs can work very long hours and do a lot of on-call work. The only people you tend to meet are undertakers. I did date several over the eight years I worked in mortuaries." One of the benefits of keeping company with people in similar professions, she says, is that "sometimes you want someone to talk to over dinner or at the pub who genuinely understands what you mean by 'I've had a *bad* day.' It's actually a necessity in a profession that regards privacy as paramount. You can't blab to just anyone; it should be to someone in the same industry who understands the need for discretion."

Inspired to help others meet like-minded "death professionals"—who, as Valentine says, often have "unusual interests"—whether for companionship or romance, Valentine launched Dead-Meet.com, which

attracted more than 1,000 registered members worldwide in only a few months. The site is meant for funeral directors, morgue attendants, EMTs, surgeons, and even taxidermists—anyone who encounters the grim and gruesome as part of their job. You don't necessarily have to work in a medical or death-related field—you can join even if you are just interested in meeting others who do, and membership is free. However, the official meet-ups Valentine organizes are strictly regulated: She checks members' work credentials before issuing tickets for the events. At the "Dead Meet Market" in September, there were lectures on topics such as séances and grave-robbing, cocktails, and a chance to see the museum, which is not normally open to the public.

Despite her relaxed attitude toward site membership, she's not too worried about "the inevitable necrophiles." Valentine has a blog called TheChickAndTheDead.com, on which she often posts about necrophilia, and she says she's never experienced any negative comments there. As for the networking site, Valentine says, "If someone has an interest in death or working in the field, at least people on Dead Meet can answer their queries."

THE ART OF PUSSY

By Nick Redfern

To say that 42-year-old Megumi Igarashi of Tokyo has designs on pussy would not be an understatement. Igarashi is quite the artist when it comes to what's between her thighs. In the past couple of years, she has designed and built lamp shades, smart-phone cases, and—wait for it—a kayak, all in the shape of her very own vagina. So far, Igarashi has raked in around \$10,000 from eager fans of her anatomical items.

Igarashi's obsession began when she had her personal love-tunnel sculpted anew. It's a controversial

plastic-surgery process called vaginal rejuvenation, in which the labia are made smaller in size. Pleased with the results, Igarashi couldn't wait to show off her new look and embark on a career as pussy artist extraordinaire.

In July, Igarashi was arrested for peddling 3-D images of her private parts. It was all in the name of a good cause, pleaded Igarashi: She was trying to raise money so she could build a pussy-shaped boat to sail around the planet.

What can we say? Whatever floats your boat, Megumi!



DEAD CAN DANCE

By Caleb Wilde

A pole dancer during a funeral procession




Traditional Electric Flower Car



The death rattle has passed; your dad's death has just happened. And as you stand over his now motionless body, you can't help but think, *Dad was such an asshole in life. Who's going to come to his funeral?* As a funeral director with thousands of funerals under my belt, I've encountered this sentiment on numerous occasions. I once offered my condolences to a widow only to have her reply, "I'm glad the son of a bitch is dead."

So if you're wondering how you can have an honorably attended funeral for a dishonorable person, perhaps I can suggest this Taiwanese custom from certain sects, including Buddhism: funeral strippers. The mixture of different Taiwanese religious and folk customs has produced a belief that the louder and more grandiose a funeral procession, the easier the deceased is transitioned to the afterlife. There is also a general cultural belief that a successful public event must be *renao*, meaning "hot and noisy."

The funeral processions can be filled with bands, dancers, traditional drummers, and singers. But the climactic finish of the procession is often the Electric Flower Car, which is equipped with strobe lights, dance poles, and strippers who both sing and dance in their underthings—and sometimes without. When the procession ends at the cemetery, some strippers even dance atop the deceased's grave.

Although funeral strippers will never produce a rise in the dead, if you're looking for a rise in funeral-attendance numbers for you or your loved one, this is one idea that just might work. 

TWISTED SISTERS

Canadian filmmakers Jen and Sylvia Soska bring their art-house sensibilities to WWE's *See No Evil 2*, and a breath of fresh air to the often overwrought slasher genre.

Interview by Sarah Walker • Photographs by Shimon Photo

Identical twins Jen and Sylvia Soska burst onto the horror-film scene in 2009 with their award-winning feature *Dead Hooker in a Trunk*, followed by the equally lauded *American Mary* in 2012. Now, the 31-year-old directors—who also write, act, produce, and perform their own stunts—are securing their gorehound status with the October On Demand/Blu-ray release of *See No Evil 2*, their sequel to the 2006 slasher from World Wrestling Entertainment, with wrestler Kane (Glenn Jacobs) reprising his role as psychopathic killer Jacob Goodnight.

You two seem to have been on this career trajectory since childhood, with your shared love of horror films, acting, and martial arts.

Sylvia: I have to blame our parents, because no matter what we were into, they were 100 percent supportive. Back when there were video stores, we would go straight to the horror section and look at all the boxes and make up what we thought the movies

were about, to the point where we became obsessed. It wasn't until we were about ten years old that my mom allowed us to watch one—*Poltergeist*, which was actually a terrible decision, because it's designed specifically to terrify children. We made it through the movie and then bedtime came around, and we were fucked. We were so terrified, and my mom did something that changed our lives forever: She explained the sets, the script, the directors, the monster makers. We were like, *Wait a minute, that's a job?*

Jen: Our mom also had an amazing collection of Stephen King novels, and she told us we couldn't watch the movies until we read the books. So in elementary school, we'd sit there with these novels and a thesaurus to look up all the creative expletives.

***See No Evil* got less-than-stellar reviews. Were you at all hesitant to attach your names to the sequel?**

Sylvia: After we made *American Mary*, everyone wanted us to do [that film] again—meeting after meeting, and we were so frustrated. And then *See No Evil 2* got offered to us. We'd seen the original film, and we'd started watching WWE when Kane was first introduced; then we read the script,



"WHEN WE WERE ABOUT TEN ... WE WERE SO TERRIFIED [BY POLTERGEIST THAT] MY MOM DID SOMETHING THAT CHANGED OUR LIVES FOREVER: SHE EXPLAINED THE SETS, THE SCRIPT, THE DIRECTORS, THE MONSTER MAKERS. WE WERE LIKE, WAIT A MINUTE, THAT'S A JOB?"





not realizing what it was, and we were like, *This is amazing! We'd love to do this.* But we didn't think there was any way [Lionsgate] was going to hire us. But we weren't intimidated by the first one—we thought there was room for improvement, and as fans, we saw exactly where we wanted to take it.

Jen: We loved Kane so much as Jacob Goodnight, we never saw a reason he couldn't be at the level of Jason Voorhees, Michael Myers, Freddy Krueger, or Pinhead. There were just a few crucial elements missing in the first one, which we rectified in the sequel. After people see this, there's no question in my mind that everyone's going to see Jacob Goodnight as a horror icon.

Your earlier films have a quiet, elegant aesthetic that's unique to today's mainstream horror.

Jen: By and large, horror in North America is formulaic to the point that you can guess who will die and in which order. Stereotypical slashers seem to be the only horror films, whereas internationally there are films that have so many more elements to them. We are very inspired by Asian and European cinema—Lars von Trier is a huge influence, and films like *Audition*, *I Saw the Devil*, *Martyrs*, *Irreversible*, *Funny Games*, *Let the Right One In*. Takashi Miike was once quoted as saying he doesn't make horror films; he makes films that have horrific elements to them. I love that.

Were you able to bring a similar art-house sensibility to this film?

Sylvia: I don't think any movie, whether it's a slasher film or a sequel, has to be done poorly, technically. One of the nice things about horror movies—and when a slasher works—is when you actually care about the characters.



For the first 15 minutes, [*See No Evil 2*] is a John Hughes movie; you get lulled into this sense of fun and who these young people are, then suddenly something takes a turn for the worse, and you're like, *Oh fuck, that's right, it's a slasher movie!*

Jen: There's a lot of concentration placed on the camera movement—the camera moves with intention, like it's another character. And our lighting goes back to [Italian director] Dario Argento, who uses very specific colors, [as well as] Frank Miller comics, where we have a shadow falling on a face, so we can show as much or as little of a certain character as we want.

How was it working with Kane?

Jen: Before we even met him, we were huge Kane fans, and now we're huge Glenn Jacobs fans. He's such a consummate performer; he's so professional and so strong. Obviously he does his own stunts, because there's no human that's made like him.

Sylvia: He's also theatrically trained and incredibly intelligent. He's been playing Kane for 17 years, so it was nice to get him to step out of that. I really hope that after people see this there's more work out there for him, because he's so talented and unique.

Jen: I take offense when people say WWE superstars can't act—it's all they do. And they do it under more pressure than most actors, because they have to get it right in one take, and they have to perform in front of thousands of people shouting obscenities at them, and millions more watching on TV.

This was the first feature you directed that you didn't write.

Sylvia: When we make something,



we have to put ourselves into it, so there were quite a few tweaks, and [actress] Danielle [Harris], Kane, and Kimani Smith, our stunt coordinator, all brought things into it—it takes a whole group of people. The script is the starting point, then there's the shooting, and then there's the edit—where the script has been totally forgotten, and you're creating this whole new thing that hopefully works.

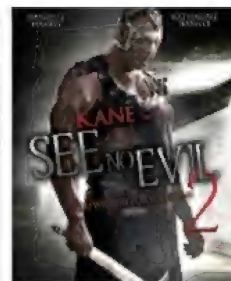
Jen: It's really been a community effort to bring it to life, especially with the script: It started strong and it got so much better. What we ended up with—whether [the audience is] WWE fans or not, whether they like horror movies or not—people can pick up, watch, and thoroughly enjoy. Everyone is surprised by how unrelentingly enjoyable this movie is.

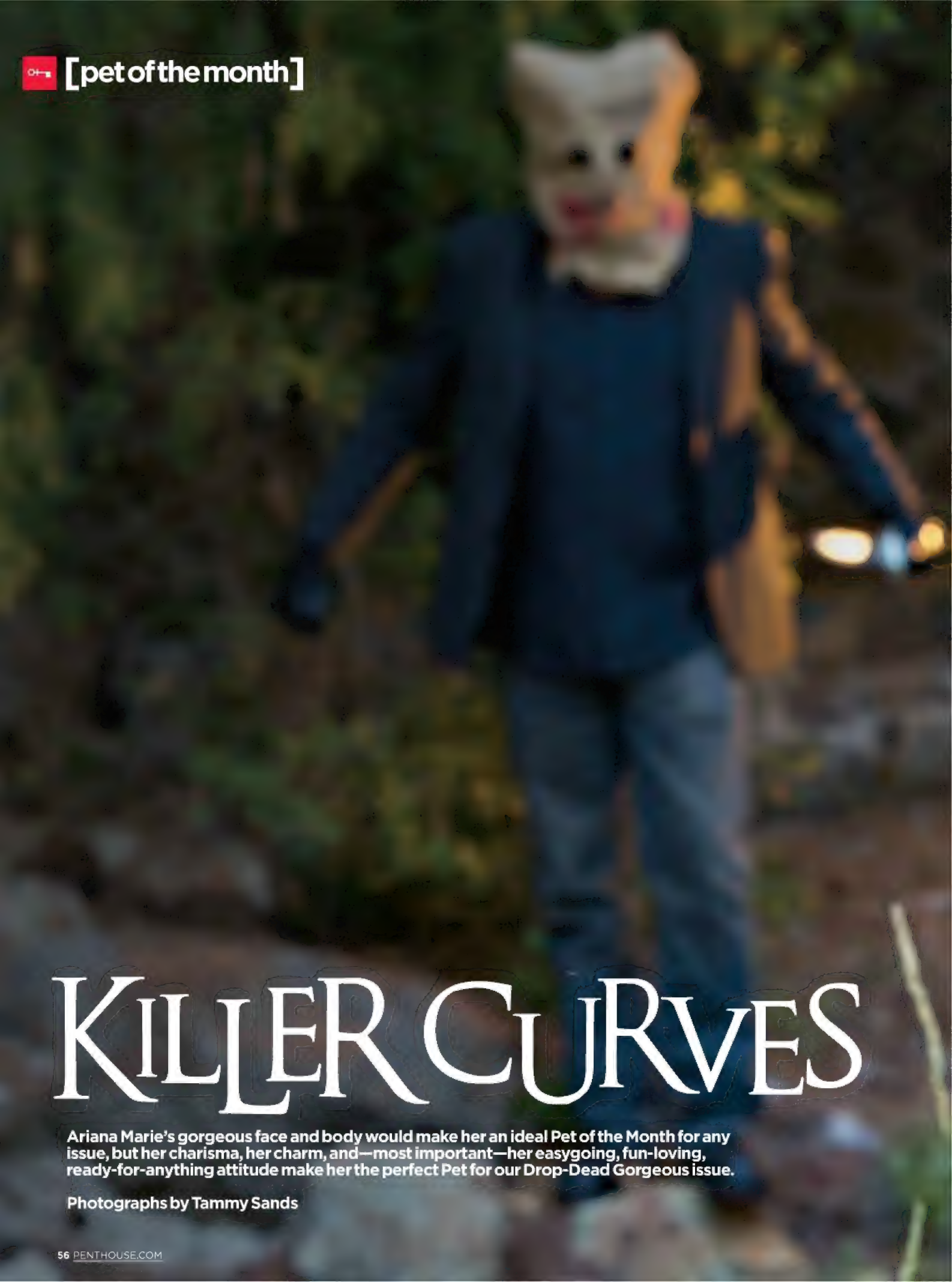
Sylvia: That's my favorite reaction! People have watched it and they're so surprised, like, "It's good!"

Is there something you'd like to see brought back to the horror genre?

Jen: I would like to see some originality, especially with monster movies, like the ones we grew up with: *The Thing*, *Hellraiser*, *Gremlins*. Now it's all vampires and werewolves and zombies that just want to fall in love with teenage girls. Our own monster movie, *Bob*, which we've been pushing for years, has an *original* monster.

Sylvia: It's gone from artists to more corporations that make films. It's like Hollywood forgot all these great films—and they used to make them! I'm hoping that it'll get to the point where there will be this really weird, out-of-nowhere film that shows up and makes a shit-ton of money, and then they'll all be like, "Make more, make more!"



A person wearing a white cat mask with pink inner ears and a blue long-sleeved shirt is walking through a dark, wooded area at night. They are holding a flashlight in their right hand, which is illuminated. The background is dark and blurry, suggesting a forest or garden.

 [pet of the month]

KILLER CURVES

Ariana Marie's gorgeous face and body would make her an ideal Pet of the Month for any issue, but her charisma, her charm, and—most important—her easygoing, fun-loving, ready-for-anything attitude make her the perfect Pet for our Drop-Dead Gorgeous issue.

Photographs by Tammy Sands





"I work in adult film, and I love everything about it. If I could choose any job in the world, I'd stick with this. I get to do what I love and enjoy.... And now I'm a Penthouse Pet!"









"My favorite part of this shoot was the milk bath, because I've never had one before. That was awesome! But every set was something different, and I was so happy to be a part of it."





"With someone new, it usually takes me a few dates before there's any lovemaking. Unless he's a gentleman and I get wet just talking to him."





"I like it when guys are nice and don't just assume I'll bone them. It's a huge turnoff for me when someone is being a douche lord. (That's like the king of douches.)"



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♀ ARIANA MARIE NOVEMBER 2014 PET OF THE MONTH



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OF ARIANA MARIE NOVEMBER 2014 PET OF THE MONTH



Ariana Marie



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ **My partner suffers from debilitating depression. She is in treatment, but I feel so helpless. How can I be there for her without crowding her or making things worse?**

If she is in treatment, then the best thing you can do is simply be there as a friend. I let her know you're there for her. Luckily, she has already taken the right steps and has a professional who can give her the therapy and medication she may need. Refrain from "mothering" her or monitoring her progress. Your job is to enhance her life as a friend by listening, spending time with her, and doing fun things with her. Don't drill her with questions like "Have you taken your medication today?" or "Did you talk to your therapist about this?" Even though you have valid concerns, these questions can build a wall between you, and you may risk making her feel different and "broken," which will only result in resentment and further isolation. Trust that the professionals she chooses to go to for that sort of thing are doing their jobs.

■ **I've been dating a guy for two months, and the sex is great... but so far no oral—from him, that is. I've checked things out, and my lower half is on point. How do I open the conversation without him freaking out?**

Tricky. I would suggest to you that if you don't feel comfortable discussing intimacy with your partner, then that may be an even



bigger issue than what he is or isn't doing to you. After two months, such conversations should feel natural and easy. Nevertheless, have the conversation. You should be prepared for the fact that some men simply don't like to do that sort of thing. If that's the case, you'll need to figure out if this is the right relationship for you. After all, you're not getting what you need, and you don't feel comfortable discussing simple matters of the bedroom. I can tell you this: Having this subject out in the open will freak him out way less than you becoming irritable, resentful, and quietly stewing over what you aren't happy about. One way or another, those feelings will show themselves in other areas and could complicate things more. It's best to address this one head-on and find a solution.

■ **Two weeks ago I started dating this girl, and I know it sounds insane, but I love her. I want to tell her, but I don't want to freak her out. Do I wait or just let it slip?**

I say neither. Say what you feel directly and with confidence. Don't wait and don't let it slip. As long as you have no expectation of hearing the same thing back from her, you should be fine. Most people find that sort of admission attractive. But be prepared for her to simply say, "Awaw, thank you" or "That's so sweet." If your goal

is to get her to say, "I love you, too," then you may want to rethink this. Love is many things, and I'm a firm believer that one of those things is chemical or scientific. Don't trust your feelings based on what you think is or isn't the right amount of time. There are no rules when it comes to matters of the heart, so don't follow any. Be original, break the chains, and be bold. That will get you a lot further in love—and in life. People don't usually get what they want by waiting for it; they get it by going after it and taking it.

■ **With all the internet apps that involve sex chats, videos, etc., is it possible to stay loyal these days?** It really is starting to seem impossible, isn't it? The answer to your question is yes. However, a deep and complete trust and sense of security are required. What I actually find even more upsetting is the fact that this is just another example of corporations making money on human weaknesses. I suppose this has always been the way things are. Things that can kill us and destroy our lives are also apparently huge earners. Alcohol, drugs, and cigarettes have been showed down the throats of the masses to earn a buck. Why shouldn't the digital innovators of the world skim cash off of our collective impulses? #amiright 40%

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

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PENTHOUSE

OF ARIANA NARE NOVEMBER 2014 PET OF THE MONTH



Ariana Nare



What does:
5'6" (165 cm), 125 lb (57 kg)
27 years old

Hometown:
Chattanooga, TN, USA

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
The location, the area, and the people.

What would five people say is your best feature?
Any of them by the choice. I guess I have a nice body and I'm not afraid to show it.

Your favorite sport:
Hockey

Your favorite kind of music:
Rock, country

Favorite movies:
The Notebook, The Road, The

Favorite TV shows:
The Mentalist, The Mindy Project

What's the hottest movie sex scene?
Anything with James Franco or Anna Karenina.

What does the title of your movie mean?
It's the best. It's the best with the best.

Your favorite way to make out:
Running with my dog, the dog.

How do you make out?
I try to be a little bit of a tease.

How do you make yourself up for the camera?
I use a lot of makeup.

What does it mean to be a pet?
It's the best. It's the best with the best.

Call my sexy friends!
1-800-SEXY-PET
♡♡♡♡♡

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WICKEDEST WITCH OF THE WEST

Lurking in the dark shadows of nearly always sunny Los Angeles is a strikingly beautiful, raven-haired dominatrix whose specialty runs far beyond the realms of pain and pleasure.

By Bob Johnson
Photographs by Michael Helms



Welcome to the world of *real* witch and professional Mistress Selina Minx, who fucks subservient men in the ass with her sacred dildo while casting spells of spiritual domination and mind control—her own special brand of magick.

The so-called “BDSM Witch of L.A.” was weaned on horror fiction and late-night cable films. She got her taste for perversion at a young age, stimulated by the torture scene from *Rambo*, in which the titular hero screams in anguish. “As the realization [that I was aroused] dawned on me, I knew I was different,” Minx says. “As my friends came of age and started experimenting sexually, I was depressed by their uninspired groping. My own forays into sensuality were increasingly intense and extreme ... limited only by the imagination and receptivity of my partners.”

Early on, Minx linked magick with the thrill of masturbating to these scenes of pain and pleasure. She believes that witchcraft and BDSM have always been connected. “I always had my witchy sense engaged, probing the intentions, motivations, and deviance levels of my companions,” she says.

The self-proclaimed “gray witch” doesn’t subscribe to either the malevolent-leaning bitter fruits of black magick or the “devotional life” of white magick; she observes the Celtic Wheel of the Year—honoring the solar and lunar cycles with festive ceremonies that center around transformation—and, of course, pleasure.

Her dark leanings soon took her to the underground BDSM scene, in which she explored sadomasochism, exhibitionism, and what she describes as “unmatched pageantry.” Her fascination with the occult sparked a life-long passion for in-depth experimentation in the psychosexual realms, and it was in this scene that she “collared” her first slave—who still serves her to this day, 20 years later.

But things didn’t really heat up until she started advertising spiritual domination and mind control in Los Angeles, attracting a clientele that is more attuned to the esoteric and shares her interest in things taboo. “Many of my clients are struggling with mind states that trouble them—self-doubt, gender or sexual-orientation dysphoria, or low self-esteem. So many things drive the darker sexual urge,” she explains.



Mistress Selina Minx
and Octavia

“I reach into the souls of those I heal, those I play with, and unbind that which holds them back.”

With a “jaded, debased, and curious” client roster ranging from filthy-rich playboys to dutiful husbands with a taste for something different, Minx regularly services the kink-loving clients struggling with sexual obsessions they can’t articulate or work through without a powerful dominant female to guide them. “There are ways to coax a person, over time, into a healthy expression of their sexuality in the BDSM framework,” Minx says. “As we face our demons, they no longer drive us mad. We are doing shadow work, shining the light of our consciousness into the rejected parts of ourselves, and reclaiming them as erotic experiences.”


She doesn’t allow her male slaves to have traditional sex with her (Minx says they are “unworthy of her pussy”), but she will fuck them with her strap-on because it gives her pleasure as well. “When the anus relaxes and I sink all the way in, I find it overwhelmingly erotic,” she says

with delight. “The straps of my strap-on interact with my [clitoral] hood piercing in a way that makes it easy to orgasm while I’m slamming my hips against the ass of a hopeful slave or slut trainee.”

And her style of magick works, apparently. Minx claims men come all over themselves when she strokes their prostates with a rubber dick or gloved fingers. She says milking the prostate is a “popular head-fuck”: If she strokes it just right, she can make a client ejaculate against his will, without experiencing the pleasure associated with a typical orgasm.

“For some people, anal is the best way to have a spectacular orgasm,” Minx says. “Furthermore, with the societal messages about the anus being ‘dirty,’ and the early childhood horrors of potty training, we have a population of perverts with some serious issues to work out around their asses.... I like to joke that I should have an honorary proctology degree with all the asses I’ve assessed. I’ve actually alerted more than one client to issues in his colon.”

The wicked Mistress also doesn’t



"My own forays into sensuality were increasingly intense and extreme... limited only by the imagination and receptivity of my partners."

allow contact with any other parts of her body, and remains aloof at all times. But if clients are sincere and well trained, she will allow them to adore her feet (which can get her off as well, if they do it just right).

But her deliciously evil ways can get even more deviant. "I love to finger my clit as I piss down on a slave I am claiming. The thrill of releasing my stream upon them can be a very heady experience," Minx says.

Minx works with several covens in her area, including one that has members all across the globe. She hasn't formed her own coven, preferring to use her magick in her personal rituals. "So far, I have yet to find a coven that does sexual rituals," she says. "[Though] I do know a few groups of spiritually minded party people who engage in ritualized sex."


Minx recalls a client who wanted to bless an erotic sculpture that he had created in her honor. He asked to do a ceremony to "awaken" the piece. "I had been seeing this client for several months and—although intense—he was sincere, passionate, and completely surrendered to the Goddess. So we went into sacred space and when it came time, he cut his arm deeply, anointing the sculpture. As if called by the blood, a terrifically fierce warrior spirit came down and challenged us—to consume, to inhabit us. I didn't know the intentions of this force of nature, but the attack was powerful and relentless. I forced my aura outward, calling my unseen companions to my side. Together we forced the warrior spirit out as my client incanted and bled at my feet. In the end, the sculpture was suitably inhabited, and the client healed up amazingly."



Minx with Boi Toi



Mixing witchcraft with kinky sex may seem like the ultimate in dark sexplay, but Minx says the connection between the craft and the vagina is ancient. Even the legendary "flying ointment" was absorbed vaginally from a broomstick handle.

Minx says that by using ancient techniques, she's been able to extend her own orgasms up to ten minutes at a time. She tells us, "I am able to come in nearly any situation, with or without vaginal or clitoral stimulation. I've come so hard that I had powerful visions of past lives and future possibilities. Is this witchcraft? Are these the wise woman's ways? Or are these the traits of a cunning woman of today? I would like to think it's all of the above." 

Escape Reality With Fantasy Sex

Our sister website, AdultFriendFinder.com, is providing a sensual, steamy, and stimulating way for its Gold members to increase their sexual skills, as well as their sexual satisfaction. This month we explore the best way to escape your daily routine: roleplay.

By Ava Cadell, PhD



The fastest way to boost your sexual confidence is to put on an outfit that lets you feel sexually liberated, whether it's leather pants that make you feel like a rocker, a biker, or a dom, or a shimmering jacket that makes you feel like a movie star, a diva, or even a drag queen. It's a powerful way to go from ordinary to extraordinary.

With Halloween approaching, take this a step further: Explore your fantasies, and find a costume that pushes your sexual boundaries. How do you want to be perceived? Provocative? Cute? Funny? Thrilling? Erotic? Wacky? Scary? Make a list of your sexual fantasies and the outfits you could wear to pull them off, and don't forget to include props that could be used on a lover. The goal is to act out your sex fantasy so that it's a positive, memorable experience for you and your partner. Or, if you're single, it's a great time to make new friends since everyone's being more adventurous and lowering their inhibitions through roleplaying.

Take the time to build your new character mentally, physically, and sexually. Always remember that, costume or not, 50 percent of how people perceive you is based on your body language, while another 40 percent is based on the sound and projection of your voice. Finally, 10 percent is determined by your actions. Let's say you're enacting a striptease fantasy for your lover. To nail down that crucial 50 percent, wear something tight or skimpy that's easy to peel off, and practice your body language in the mirror (this goes for men and women alike). Then strut your stuff with confidence and do some twerking moves by bouncing

your booty in your partner's face. Straddle your lover, add some erotic talk, strip down to your G-string, and *voilà*—you've acted out a stripper fantasy.

Exploring your sexual fantasies through roleplaying also allows you to discover new aspects of yourself and your partner, as it enhances your sexual experience together. Acting out fantasies is healthy, fun, and natural, and has many benefits, from releasing tension to experiencing risky situations safely to switching roles with a power exchange (when you step out of a traditional role and allow a thrilling new sense of identity to take over).

For example, a high-powered businesswoman with a lot of responsibility might be turned-on when her partner dresses up like a cop and cuffs her hands together, leaving her helpless and in his control. She gets to let go for a change and enjoy a welcome chance to be vulnerable. And what about the guy who's always in the role of initiating sex with his partner? Imagine the erotic thrill he would get upon finding his partner in a naughty-nurse outfit, waiting to take care of his every need. For once he could just lie back and enjoy all the attention to *his* body.

One thing to keep in mind is that there are essential differences between male and female fantasies. Female sex fantasies are often more emotional in content, slower to unfold, and more likely to have familiar partners and be focused on themes of tenderness or loss of control. Women like context—a story with characters, setting, plot, and dialogue (hello, romance novels)—so men should feel free to use their imagination to give her a complete experience. She might love the "maid" fantasy, where she can

create a hot scenario about dusting his home office in a sexy outfit, only to have him come home early and seduce her.

By contrast, men's fantasies are generally more explicit, more visually and physically arousing, and often involve anonymous women, multiple partners, and strangers. For example, the cowboy fantasy in the Sex Academy video depicts a horny guy who just happens to need directions from a sexy female stranger who is gardening while wearing a provocative outfit. This fits the bill for typical male desires. Interestingly, men are twice as likely as women to be triggered by something they've seen, heard, or read.

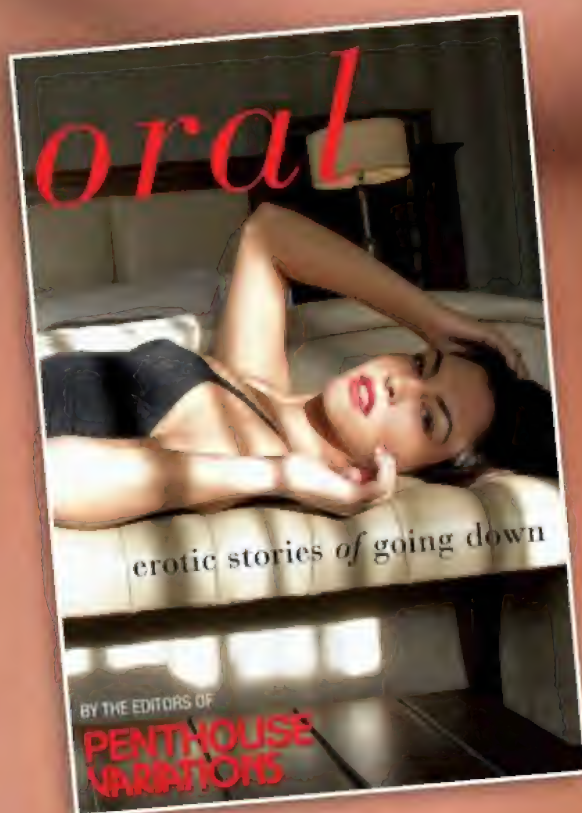
Sex fantasies can be a great escape from reality and may open you up to new activities that result in adult play. In the Sex Academy Sex Fantasies and Roleplay course, there are many more suggestions for roleplay and fantasy scenarios, with details on accessories, how to use your body language, and what to say to perfect your chosen character. Push your sexual boundaries to get out of your comfort zone and make your fantasies come true. 



Dr. Ava Cadell is a world-renowned sexpert with a master's degree in human behavior and a PhD in human sexuality. She is president of the American College of Sexologists International, the founder of Loveology University, a media therapist, a global speaker, and the author of eight books, including the recent *NeuroLoveology: The Power to Mindful Love & Sex*.

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THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

Some creative types—a musician, an author, a collector, and even the minds behind the new Cinemax show, *The Knick*—take their inspiration from the unconventional and morbid.

By Christine Colby

In an unassuming Philadelphia building resides one of the world's largest and most unusual collections of medical oddities. Inside the College of Physicians of Philadelphia is the Mütter Museum, named after Thomas Dent Mütter, a physician, professor, and fellow of the college. In 1859, when he knew he was near the end of his extraordinary but short 48 years, he bequeathed his entire teaching collection of more than 1,700 objects and specimens to the college, along with a substantial endowment for their preservation and curation.

These objects became the core of the museum, which now counts about 25,000 objects in the collection. It's America's finest museum of medical history, displaying its beautifully preserved collections of anatomical specimens, models, and surgical instruments in a nineteenth-century "cabinet museum" setting. You can see slices of Albert Einstein's brain; the attached livers of the original "Siamese" conjoined twins, Chang and Eng Bunker; wax models of venereal diseases; malformed skeletons; and—one of the most popular draws—the nine-foot mega colon, also available as a plush toy in the gift shop.

Jill Tracy composing in the Mütter Museum,
across from the Hyrtl skull collection



"I AM SO HAPPY TO HAVE MY WORK SHINE AN EVEN BRIGHTER SPOTLIGHT ON THE INCREDIBLE WORK [DR. MÜTTER] DID." —CRISTIN O'KEEFE APTOWICZ

accepted into some programs—including the museum's Wood Institute program. Finally, she was able to realize her goal of immersing herself in Dr. Mütter's life and history. By doing so, she felt even more of a connection with her subject. "He had a vision for what he wanted to do in this world," she says, "and was absolutely dogged in pursuing that vision in the little time he had. As someone who has felt like a scrappy underdog in my own life and career, I deeply admire and am hugely inspired by Mütter's example."

Aptowicz's book is itself inspiring an exhibition cabinet dedicated to her research in the museum. Childhood visits there originally sparked her obsession, and now her work will be seen by kids on school trips. About the exhibit, Aptowicz remarks, "It was the first time it really struck me what I had done. I am so happy to be part of the legacy to Thomas Dent Mütter, and to have my work shine an even brighter spotlight on the incredible work he did."

As part of the promotional tour for her book, Aptowicz appeared at another museum of preserved oddities in jars and other anomalous items—the Morbid Anatomy Museum in Gowanus, Brooklyn, which opened

One visitor on whom the museum made an indelible impression is San Francisco-based dark chanteuse and pianist Jill Tracy, who has six albums under her belt. Tracy has composed music in haunted castles, abandoned asylums, and cemeteries. "One of my greatest pleasures right now is immersing myself in mysterious or unusual locations, and composing music from my reaction to the environment," she says.

She's the first musician in history to receive a grant from the Mütter Museum to compose a series of musical compositions based on specific artifacts in the collection. The Mütter's travel-grant program is designed "to help defray the cost of travel expenses for researchers to come and utilize the collections of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia," according to Director of Communications J. Nathan Bazzel. "We issue about 12 such grants a year," he says. "Grants are given to a fairly diverse recipient list, which includes artists, performers, social historians, authors, poets, and others."

The most compelling specimen in the collection for Tracy is Chang and Eng's attached livers. "I was completely devastated when I read how they died. [Eng survived three hours longer than his brother, with no choice but to share the bed with Chang's corpse.] The song is about that heartbreaking three-hour period on a cold January night. I was with Chang and Eng's actual death cast and their conjoined livers as I composed the piece." Tracy has some other favorites as well: "I've also written a series of teratology lullabies for the babies in jars, and a piece about the books bound in human skin."

The project is still in the works, with no release date yet announced. "My plans are for this to become an album," Tracy says, that will also feature "a book of my chilling accounts of those nights alone in the museum ... as well as the stories behind the specimens." Tracy hopes to present an album-release concert and installation at the Mütter. "That would be spectacular," she says. "I'd love people to be able to stand exactly where I did while looking at the specimen and hear the piece I composed there." She's also working on a documentary about the making of this project, and perhaps even a television series about her

"traveling musical excavations of hidden history."

Another grant recipient is Cristin O'Keefe Aptowicz, author of *Dr. Mütter's Marvels* (available now from Gotham Books), the never-before-told story of the Mütter Museum's namesake. She spent 15 years researching his influential life and career, and how his collection became the museum she visited many times growing up.

Mütter was a dashing, flamboyant young surgeon with revolutionary ideas (including adding the umlaut to the *u* in his last name to seem more worldly and exotic). In a milieu where his colleagues relied heavily on leeches and believed that hand-washing wasn't necessary if you were a gentleman, he met a lot of resistance to his groundbreaking ideas. But insisting on washing his hands and instruments and changing besmirched bed linens led to much lower infection and mortality rates than those of his peers.

Most of his surgical career took place pre-anesthesia, when much of the respect afforded to surgeons was based on their ability to operate on subjects who were wide-awake, often needing to be restrained, and almost definitely screaming. Despite the challenges that came with even the quickest and easiest surgeries, Mütter chose to dedicate his career to improving the lives of what were called, even by medical professionals, "monsters." These included the severely deformed, as well as victims of devastating burns. His willingness to perform new and risky procedures on conscious patients—who otherwise might have lived out their seemingly hopeless existences in hiding—established his reputation and improved the lives of countless people.

As the late director of the museum, Gretchen Worden, once said, "While these bodies may be ugly, there is a terrifying beauty in the spirits of those forced to endure these afflictions." Mütter's interest in unconventional bodies and bizarre pathological conditions formed the basis of his collection of medical oddities.

Being from Philadelphia, author Aptowicz grew up familiar with and inspired by the museum. After spending years stubbornly and repeatedly applying for grants to assist in her research, she was finally



At the Mütter Museum: Jill Tracy with the ossified skeleton of Harry Eastlack; (right) giant, dwarf, and average skeletons; (middle) a death cast of "Siamese" twins Chang and Eng Bunker.



"I'VE WRITTEN A SERIES OF TERATOLOGY LULLABIES FOR THE BABIES IN JARS, AND A PIECE ABOUT THE BOOKS BOUND IN HUMAN SKIN." —JILL TRACY

in June. Joanna Ebenstein, Morbid Anatomy's founder and creative director, was hugely inspired by the Mütter Museum, specifically by a birthday gift of one of its calendars full of high-quality photographs of objects in the collection. This led her down the path toward a photographic project of her own, documenting the collections of European medical museums. She launched a blog called Morbid Anatomy to host and share these images, and—by a fittingly bizarre string of events—has ended up with her own museum, lecture venue, and exhibit space containing ephemera, objects, and specimens related to obscure medical history and cultural death practices. Appropriately enough, there is now a Morbid Anatomy calendar available for purchase.

The exhibit hosted at Morbid Anatomy currently, and running until December 4, is called the Art of Mourning. It comprises Victorian mourning jewelry made from hair, on loan from the collection of art historian and master jeweler Karen

Bachmann, who teaches workshops on the lost art at Morbid Anatomy; as well as mourning-related objects and photographs from the collection of Dr. Stanley Burns, the director of the Burns Archive. (Even the Metropolitan Museum of Art gets in on it with an exhibit opening October 21 called *Death Becomes Her: A Century of Mourning Attire*.)

On the topic of the somewhat grim mourning and postmortem images, which seem to be in vogue, Ebenstein says, "They have a strangeness due to how much our culture has changed in ideas of the proper display and contemplation of death. They have much to teach and are deeply uncanny and affecting."

Hosting some of Burns's collection in her museum is an honor for Ebenstein. She says of Burns, "He has such an incredible collection, a magnificent eye, and a feel for arrangement. I learned a great deal from him and am so grateful."

The Burns Archive itself is a collection assembled over the past 40



In the Morbid Anatomy gift shop, complete with elephant skull

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) EVYNNUMEN/THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF PHILADELPHIA, (TOP AND MIDDLE) GEORGE WIDMAN/MUTTER MUSEUM OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF PHILADELPHIA, (BOTTOM) COURTESY OF THE MORBID ANATOMY MUSEUM

years encompassing more than one million historical images of medical history, disease, crime, death, and mourning from the turn of the twentieth century. Burns himself is not only an expert in imagery, however—he is also a surgeon. This combination of knowledge led to his role as the medical technical adviser on the new Cinemax series *The Knick*. The show about the surgical staff of a New York City teaching hospital takes place not too long after the time of Dr. Mütter, around 1900. “My photograph collection allowed accurate reproduction down to the type of sponge and wastebasket,” Burns says.

The Knick is directed by Oscar winner Steven Soderbergh and stars Oscar nominee Clive Owen as a flamboyant, unconventional, boundary-pushing surgeon (not unlike Dr. Mütter), and depicts a heady time of experiments with anesthetics (ether, opium, morphine, and cocaine—and yes, doctors would experiment on themselves) and the conversion from gas light to Edison’s electric power. The era is plagued with a staggering mortality rate, surgeons still don’t wear gloves or masks, and dissection cadavers are in short supply. The intensely accurate and viscerally gory show, which unflinchingly depicts the blood and guts of the procedures, was renewed for a second season before the first season even aired.

Burns’s contribution was to read the scripts for historical accuracy, make sure the surgical scenes looked authentic to the period, and ensure the actors playing the surgeons could portray the procedures convincingly. To teach the actors, Burns established what he calls the “Knickerbocker Medical School and Hospital,” where he trained them in the three-step hand-washing practice of the period, and operative techniques, such as tying surgical knots, using forceps, and clamping bleeding blood vessels.

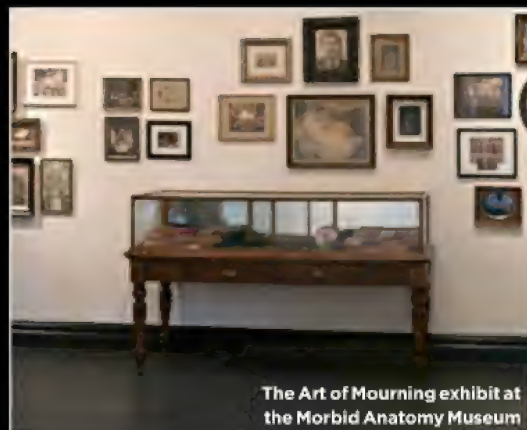
The era of medicine immortalized in the show is so important, Burns says, because, “the promise of medicine was achieved as death was removed from everyday life.” This distance the modern world has from death and disease is a result of the progress achieved by such medical innovators as Dr. Mütter and the surgeons represented on *The Knick*. The average person today has practically no involvement in the medical care and the deaths of their loved ones. That has left an open spot of yearning in some, a quest to learn about and embrace the inevitable. The success of these museums, the continued influence of Mütter, and the popularity of *The Knick* attest to the fact that there are those who seek to confront decay, stare at disease through jars, and gaze upon the photographic remains of corpses from years past. **—**



The Morbid Anatomy Museum



Archival medical consultant Stanley Burns with actor Clive Owen on the set of *The Knick*



The Art of Mourning exhibit at the Morbid Anatomy Museum



An operating-room scene from *The Knick*

“MY PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTION ALLOWED ACCURATE REPRODUCTION DOWN TO THE TYPE OF SPONGE AND WASTEBASKET.”
—STANLEY BURNS



CAMP WANNALICKAPUSSY

The summer camp where Cameron and Anissa were working this year was like any other, with rustic cabins, a sparkling lake, and an urban legend about a man with a giant knife who preyed upon lost campers. After telling the tale around the campfire, the veteran counselors dared the Camp Wannalickapussy newbies to spend the next night on the edge of the woods where the stranger was said to lurk.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi





The next afternoon, the perky pair set up a campsite and prepared for a long night of fake scares from their coworkers.



Cameron and Anissa had always been close, and they found a number of satisfying ways to while away the hours till nightfall.





After they made creative use of their camp chair, they joked that they were no longer Wannalickapussy virgins. That, according to every scary camp story ever put on film, meant they were about to meet their doom.









Sure enough, they had barely caught their breath when the man with the very large knife showed up ... but the girls were far more impressed with his very large tool. It was time to give the stranger a very warm welcome to Camp Wannalickadick.

SEE MORE OF CAMERON & ANISSA AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.



JELENA JENSEN

23 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



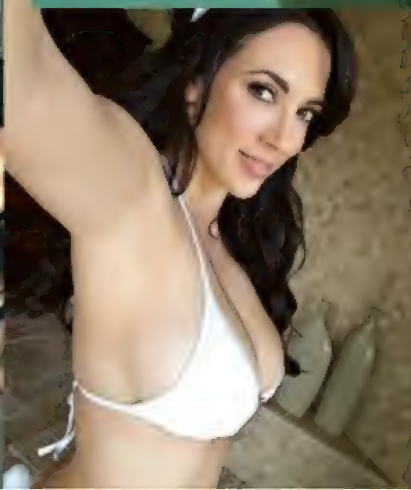
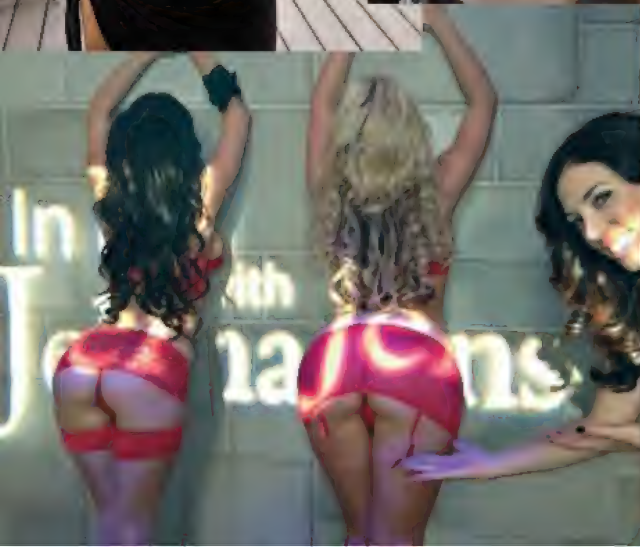
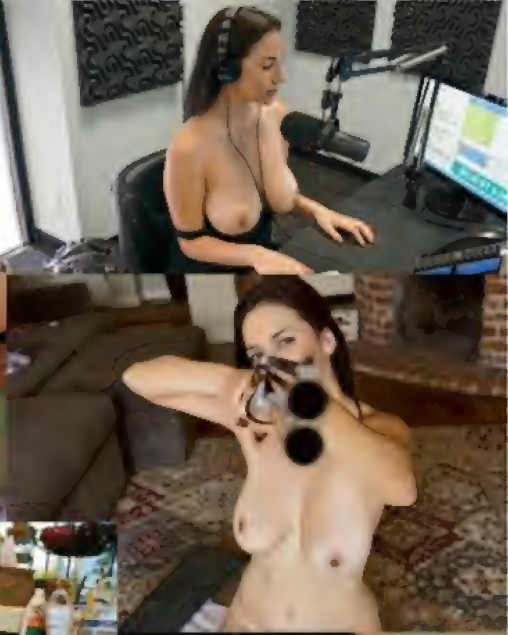
Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

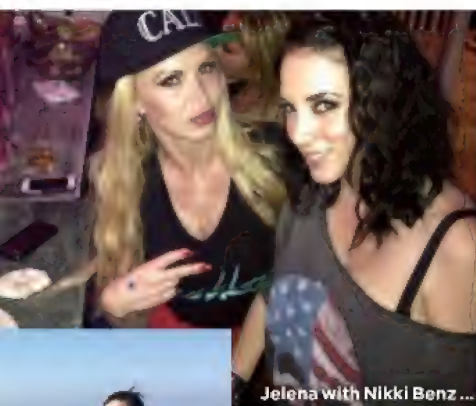
By Sam Phillips

In every Pet Confidential column, I'll profile a gorgeous Pet, and you'll get to know her better, on a deeper level than ever before. She'll reveal a list of things that practically no one knows about her, other than her family and close friends. I'll also follow her around for a day, taking sexy candid photos of her doing her favorite things. You'll get a unique peek, a true insider's view, into the Pets' personal lives.

Jelena Jensen, our March 2010 Pet, is a TV and radio host, and an adult star who's known for both her superhot girl-girl scenes and her natural F-cup breasts. She runs her own award-winning website, JelenaJensen.com, and hosts Crave's Music History series in partnership with Penthouse TV. She also has her own weekly Vivid Radio show on SiriusXM and VividRadio.com called the J-Spot.

1. I hate spiders more than anything.
2. I wanted to be a veterinarian when I was a child, then a psychologist when I was in my early teens, before falling in love with film and going to film school.
3. I have a love affair with macarons.
4. I've only owned two-door manual cars.
5. I eat mostly paleo and organic, and I eat raw sauerkraut every day as a probiotic. I make almost everything from scratch, including the sauerkraut.
6. Snowboarding is my most favorite thing to do.
7. I didn't eat chicken from 14 to 26 years old. Four of those years, I was a vegetarian.
8. I've never had a threesome with another girl. They have always involved two guys.
9. I was a Girl Scout.
10. I broke my arm practicing for Little League tryouts. That was the end of my sports career.





Jelena with Nikki Benz ...



... and with Ryan Keely



11. I was 5'5" by the time I was ten years old.
12. Pop Physique and hiking are my workouts of choice.
13. I started shotgun sport shooting at seven years old, and I worked as a puller (referee) at a shotgun range in high school.
14. I used to shave my head in junior high. I will never do it again.
15. I once lit the side of my face on fire with a flaming marshmallow. To this day, I will not get near people roasting marshmallows.
16. I have perfect eyesight.
17. Foot massages are the way to my heart.
18. I would have tattoos and crazy-colored hair if it weren't for my job. Deep down inside, I'm punk rock.
19. I will not let anyone else load the dishwasher. If they do, I will rearrange it.
20. I've been cracking my knuckles for 24 years.
21. I was on the executive board of both honor societies in college.
22. I have bad anxiety and I'm introverted.
23. I don't trust anyone who doesn't like avocados.



DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS

Forty years ago, in the middle of an excruciatingly hot Texas summer, a group of young people set out on a journey into the unknown. They endured long hours and physically torturous conditions, sometimes under the influence of mind-altering drugs, during their month-long ordeal. They were the cast and crew of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*.

By Christine Colby

Gunnar Hansen as
Leatherface

In *Harper's* magazine in 1976, Stephen Koch wrote that *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* "is a vile little piece of sick crap" and "something close to the absolute degradation of the artistic imagination." In his mania, he continues, describing the plot: "Obese gibbering castrati grasp snarling chain saws as they chase and kill screaming women; a character paralyzed from the waist down is hacked to pieces; there are self-immolations; every conceivable impulse, through hysterical necrophilia, is transposed into disgust." Although he writes, "It is a film with literally nothing to recommend it," his seething critique manages to do just that.

In Roger Ebert's review of the film from January 1974, he describes it as being as "violent and gruesome and blood-soaked as the title promises—a real Grand Guignol of a movie. It's also without any apparent purpose, unless the creation of disgust and fright is a purpose. And yet in its own way, the movie is some kind of weird, off-the-wall achievement. I can't imagine why anyone would want to make a movie like this, and yet it's well-made, well-acted, and all too effective."

And *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* has endured, joining the collection

of the Museum of Modern Art, and becoming known as one of the best and most influential horror films ever made. The plot seems cliché and simple now—young people in a van, going off the beaten path and meeting misadventure, getting picked off one by one by killers. But it's important to remember that all those other movies with that clichéd plot were influenced by this one.

Several sequels and reimaginings have been attempted, but none of them have equaled the original. That little movie, made by an inexperienced cast and crew who were barely paid, working under grueling conditions, was a perfect storm that created a perfect movie.

To mark the 40th anniversary, Dark Sky Films is releasing a newly remastered version of the film, both theatrically and on Blu-ray and DVD. It's a brand-new 4K transfer that was taken from the original 16mm film that rolled through director Tobe Hooper's camera, restored, frame by frame, over five months at NOLO Digital Film in Chicago. NOLO engineer Boris Seagraves says, "There were hundreds, if not thousands, of instances where you'd find a splice mark cooked into the middle of a frame. Some frames would have close to 200 dirt events on them.... It can be tough to achieve

the high standards we all aspire to in the era of digital cinema. What might have passed as acceptable in the seventies looks jarring now. So we worked hard to smooth out the tremors that almost inevitably occur when scanning this type of film element. There were tears in the film that we had to digitally rebuild from adjacent frames. There were tens of thousands of things we were dealing with."

Hooper was closely involved with the restoration, supervising the color correction and the audio restoration. "I haven't seen *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* on the big screen for many, many years," he says. "This 40th-anniversary restoration is absolutely the best the film has ever looked. The color and clarity is spectacular, displaying visual details that were never before perceptible. The newly remastered 7.1 soundtrack breathes new life and energy into the film. I am very much looking forward to audiences experiencing this film as they never have before."

The restoration is touring the country, showing on big screens at theaters as diverse as Manhattan's Lincoln Center and Austin's Alamo Drafthouse Cinema. Cast members are doing personal appearances at some of the screenings.

The 40th-anniversary collector's edition "Black Maria" four-disc Blu-ray/DVD box set was released September 16 and is exclusively available through Gorgon-Video.com for one month before it hits retail outlets. In addition to a kickass box—modeled after the cattle truck fans will remember from the end of the film—the set collects commentary and extras from previous releases, and includes new deleted scenes and bloopers, new commentaries, and, maybe most important, your own Leatherface apron.

Penthouse talked to three actors from the film about their experiences and some of their most memorable scenes: Gunnar Hansen, who played Leatherface, the hulking ex-slaughterhouse worker with a propensity for wearing his victims' faces as masks; John Dugan, who played Grandpa, the patriarch who can pass for a corpse; and Marilyn Burns, who played Sally Hardesty, the original scream queen, the first Final Girl, the one who got away. Sadly, Burns passed away a week later. It was her last interview.



Gunnar Hansen today

GUNNAR HANSEN

Leatherface isn't a thrill killer who enjoys stalking and killing victims; he's sort of just protecting his family and property. That differentiates him from the Jasons and Freddy's.

Yeah, he kills them only after they've invaded his house. You can look at the movie as if the kids are the antagonists, and the family is defending their way of life. The ambiguity comes from seeing this family who is alone and is doing what they have to do to survive. Their world is turned upside down, and they're attacked. Leatherface is not just killing for the sake of killing. He's been put upon.

The dinner scene is grueling and difficult to watch. The cast had been shooting for 26 hours in 110-degree heat, feeling sick from the stench of rotting animal parts used on-set. A prop knife malfunctioned, and you cut Marilyn Burns's finger for real.

I was starting to feel like it was getting too real, and I think she had reason to be fearful.... Bill Vail [Kirk] said that he noticed every time an actor was injured, that was almost always the take ToBe used. It was clear that ToBe wanted to push us. With Sally's finger, it was just that the fake knife didn't work.... It was just me trying to get through the shot, and I was so tired.

People generalize that, in horror movies, women are the victims and are usually punished for having sex. Only one woman is killed in this film, while four men are, and there's no sex or nudity. It's a completely

different formula, yet it gets lumped in with those other films.

Every time some self-righteous somebody wants to do a special on horror movies destroying young minds—for which there is no evidence, of course—they always drag out *TCM*, even though it may have no relevance. But the title is so frightening that it *must* be bad for children.

The only character we see being injured with a chain saw is you. Everything else is implied. And of course Sally fights back and escapes—she's the original Final Girl.

I'm not quite in agreement with some who say that the Final Girl is about women's empowerment. I think the woman wins at the end because it's against type. We cheer her on because we don't expect her to survive. There is some sexism in it. It's more satisfying emotionally.

The film was banned in the United Kingdom until 1999, as part of the "video nasties" controversy.

Yeah, that's when a censor said, "It's all right for you middle-class cineastes to see this film, but what would happen if a factory worker in Manchester happened to see it?" I've always liked that word *cineastes*; it sounds like something else, something dirty. Anyway, the uproar was so great that they gave it a license and the head of the board retired.

There was a rumor that you might play Leatherface in the 2003 re-

**make, which didn't happen. But you were approached for a cameo?**

Yeah, a cameo as a truck driver. I would have done it. It was fine that I didn't get offered Leatherface—I've done that before. I didn't do it because of the way they handled it. They unmask him. It destroys his charisma, the mystery, which is the heart of *Chain Saw*. You see him take his mask off... and then they explain him away as a kid with a skin condition and an attitude. That reduced him to nothing.

What do you think is the magic of this one? Why is it so important?

It has the feel of a documentary.... There are no outdated effects and it has a gritty reality to it. Also, the subtext. It has many layers and there are many ways to view this film.... Any work—a painting or a book or a film—if it has no subtext, it's merely itself. It can be appealing, but that's a piece of art I am not going to hang on my wall because I'll get tired of it quickly. This movie has so many ways to look at it that it continues to fascinate.

Have you seen the restoration?

I watched the movie on the big screen for the first time in 10 or 15 years.... It was a very immersing experience, and the print was pristine and beautiful. One of the things about the original, [cinematographer Daniel Pearl] told me, was that after editing, it was beautiful. But when it came back from the lab in New York, they'd blown it; somebody had set the color temperature wrong and they'd struck 200 prints that were all murky and green in the beginning. I thought it was intentional to make it look hot and overexposed, but it was just an incompetent engineer. Now that's gone, and it looks lovely.

Every Halloween, costume stores sell "Sexy Leatherface" outfits. Have you seen them?

Oh, my goodness! That's great, actually. They could really do it well if they don't wear anything under the apron, so their bums show. And of course, you know, where's my check?

What do you think of the porn parodies?

Funny as hell. It reveals how deeply embedded in the culture *Chain Saw* is. I'm not offended by porn; I'm much less offended by that than by someone who makes a film claiming it's an homage, but they're really just ripping it off.

MARILYN BURNS

Marilyn Burns as Sally Hardesty

Can you give me your take on the infamous dinner scene in which Gunnar really cut your finger with the knife?

The dinner scene was the longest, hottest, and most miserable 26 hours of the shoot. Yes, Gunnar really did cut my finger, and for at least 35 years, I thought it was an accident! I was onstage at a Q&A when Gunnar spoke up and said, "Marilyn, we couldn't get the prop knife to work, so I decided to go ahead and cut you." No wonder the pain and horror on my face didn't require any acting skills.

Were you injured during filming from doing a lot of your own stunts?

Tobe wanted to make my second window-jump really spectacular, so he had a platform built. I remember standing up there—the ground looking very far away—hesitating, looking at Tobe and praying he was kidding. He wasn't. I heard "action" and I went down, as sheets of sugar glass were thrown at my head to give the effect of breaking window glass. Because of the humidity in Austin, the sugar glass felt like rock crystals. When I landed on the ground, my expression says what I was thinking: *Did I just break my ankle?* Luckily, it was sprained, not broken, but this meant we had to shoot the end of the movie differently. Originally, I was to be running at full speed from

Leatherface and Hitchhiker; now, because of my limp, Tobe directed them to run after me willy-nilly, sort of dancing and twirling around. Otherwise, the movie would have been over in a heartbeat.

Did you know that Gunnar was high on pot brownies as he chased you up the stairs with a chain saw?

Another night of nightmares. If you are a great cook, catering for the cast and crew, let us know you added something extra in the dessert! I was never really hungry on-set; food was the last thing on my mind. Everyone else dined pretty well, except during the dinner scene, when most threw up. This particular night, I was already dreading Leatherface chasing me up the stairs with his screaming chain saw. After dinner, he sat down on the porch, and through his mask, I heard Gunnar say, "I don't feel very good; I'm so dizzy." An innocent Gunnar had four brownies! Great! I knew Gunnar's mask made it difficult to see; now we faced an extra challenge. I was terrified. That first shot was Leatherface busting in the front door, which was so realistic the cameraman fled the scene.

Does it surprise you that we're still talking about the film 40 years later?

I am always amazed and grateful that *Chain Saw* is still drawing an audience.

JOHN DUGAN



The *Chain Saw* family, with John Dugan as Grandpa (left)

Despite being cast as the ancient patriarch, Grandpa, you were the youngest member of the cast.

Yes, by several years. I was 20.

You were a main player in the dinner scene, and unknowingly sucked Marilyn's real blood when Gunnar cut her finger.

The dinner scene was a nightmare for everyone involved. It was very stressful, uncomfortable, and very, very long. Considering the hell they had put Marilyn through already, it's no surprise they actually cut her finger, although that came out of a prop malfunction. By the end of the scene, everyone just wanted to go home.

The family is three brothers, Grandpa, and the mummified corpse of Grandma. Do you have any theories about where Mom and Dad are?

Yes, I think the insanity skipped a generation, and they were victims of their own children.

How has the role affected your life?

I've been pigeon-holed as an actor who just does horror, but it's also allowed me to travel. And 40 years later, I can still make money at autograph shows for one role. And I met my girlfriend at an autograph appearance, so I'd say it's been pretty good.

How do you react when people say it's too violent?

I think it's bullshit. It's not very violent on-screen at all. Most of the violence is in your own mind, because it happens offscreen.... I do think there are some similarities between horror and adult entertainment, and I think being scared may trigger the same excitement as being sexually aroused. But in the end, it's all entertainment.

Why is the film so important?

It's well-written, well-acted, and well-filmed. It set the bar for horror films, and still holds up to this day. We all came together one summer 40 years ago, and created something magical.

10 things I learned about *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* from Gunnar Hansen's *Chain Saw Confidential: How We Made the World's Most Notorious Horror Movie*, out in paperback September 24.

1. Art director Bob Burns used at least two real human skeletons in the film's grisly set dressing, as they were cheaper than plastic ones.

2. Despite being known in the 1986 sequel as the Sawyers, the *Chain Saw* family originally had the surname Slaughter. The W. E. SLAUGHTER BARBECUE (get it?) sign at the gas station wasn't really noticeable until the new brighter restoration rendered it clearly visible.

3. There were two acres of marijuana growing behind the house, and the cast and crew helped themselves during filming.

4. To achieve one of the blood-spatter special effects, director Tobe Hooper and makeup artist Dottie Pearl filled their mouths with fake blood and spat it at Leatherface from either side. This is the bloodiest scene in the relatively gore-free film.


5. Screenwriter Kim Henkel was greatly inspired by the Grimm's fairy tale "Hansel and Gretel"—kids lost in the woods and lured into a cannibal's house.

6. When Leatherface chases Sally up the stairs, real chain saw in hand, Hansen was so stoned on pot brownies he was worried he wouldn't be able to do it. He made it up the stairs, but accidentally sawed through the frame of the door; the owners of the house were not pleased.

7. In the notorious dinner scene, Hansen cut Burns's finger. Dugan is quoted in the book as saying, "I didn't find out until years later I was actually sucking on her blood, which is kind of erotic, really." Although he did recall having "sexual stirrings" during that scene. "To have this woman under our control and her screaming, she's beautiful and we're doing weird shit to her. There's some primal thing that comes alive. I hate to admit that."

8. Leatherface's twirling chain-saw dance at the end of the film is one of the classic scenes of horror history. The movements were mostly improvised, and Hansen attributes his grace at swinging the saw around to having studied baton-twirling in elementary school.

9. The film is known for its sound work, which really shines in the restoration. The squeaky-door noises are from the sound editor's childhood home, and the pig and cow noises were vocalized by his father.

10. To this day, many people believe Leatherface was real. The Texas Prison Museum felt the need to state on its website that he is not and never was an inmate at the Huntsville prison. 

DROP-DEAD

Gorgeous

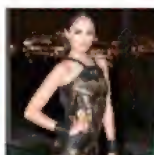
Take a look at our list of the hottest zombies, vampires, and demons—and the sexy women who slay them—and we think you'll agree that dead never looked so good.

By Kara Wahlgren



THE DEAD

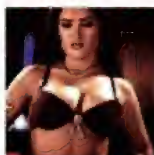
EIZA GONZÁLEZ, FROM *DUSK TILL DAWN*



Not only did González have the balls (figuratively speaking, of course) to step into Salma Hayek's vampire-stripper shoes in Robert Rodriguez's TV remake of *From Dusk Till Dawn*, but she actually pulled it off. Her turn as sexy Santánico in the series—which delves into the mythology surrounding the 1996 film—inspired us to add yet another vampire show to our DVRs.



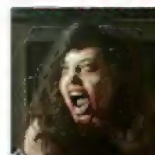
SALMA HAYEK, FROM *DUSK TILL DAWN*



Speaking of Santánico, we'd be remiss if we left the original vampire vixen off this list. It's hard to remember

a time when Hayek wasn't on our radar, but when this movie came out in 1996, vampires were a fringe genre, and we vaguely recognized Hayek as the hot chick from *Desperado*. Needless to say, that all changed after we saw her as a sultry stripper at the Titty Twister brothel (left).

AUBREY PLAZA, LIFE AFTER BETH



We're used to Plaza playing deadpan, but not just plain *dead*. In this zom-rom-com—yep, zombie romantic comedies are a legit genre now—Plaza's Beth dies but returns to spend a little more quality time with her boyfriend. Things go sour when she starts decaying and morphs into a violent zombie who's only pacified by slow jazz. Still, a few flesh-eating tendencies aren't going to quell our Plaza obsession.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (HAYEK, LEFT) AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY, (RIGHT) EVERETT COLLECTION; (GONZÁLEZ, LEFT) GABRIEL OLSEN/GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT) EL REY NETWORK, (PLAZA) AZH/EVERETT COLLECTION



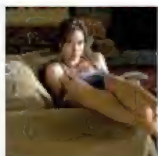
GEMMA ARTERTON, BYZANTIUM



In last year's era-spanning fantasy flick, Arterton starred as Clara, a nineteenth-century prostitute who

falls ill and becomes a vampire to escape death. She later guides her teenage daughter through the same ritual to avoid her dying of an STD, and the two of them spend the next couple of centuries running from a group of misogynistic vampires. As bloodsucker flicks go, it's not the lightest fare, but we'll endure the heavy stuff for the chance to see Arterton as an immortal MILF.

ARIELLE KEBBEL, THE UNINVITED, THE VAMPIRE DIARIES, AND VAMPIRES SUCK



Kebbel is basically undead royalty. In 2009's *The Uninvited*, she played (spoiler alert if you've been waiting five years

to watch this) a Tyler Durden-esque ghostly hallucination. She had a recurring role as Stefan's vampire BFF on *The Vampire Diaries*, and then played a villainous vamp in 2010's *Twilight* spoof, *Vampires Suck*. Her latest role is a bit less morbid—she's a sidekick in a NickMom sitcom—but we hope she'll get back in touch with her bloodsucking side soon.

AALIYAH, QUEEN OF THE DAMNED



This hokey horror movie about a vampire who takes over a goth-rock band and accidentally awakens the titular queen wasn't exactly a critical favorite. But it was good, campy fun, and Aaliyah (right) looked stunning despite the fangs and bloodlust. Maybe it wasn't an Oscar contender, but this posthumous release was further proof that Aaliyah's reign ended way too soon.

NINA DOBREV, THE VAMPIRE DIARIES



Not that anyone's doubting Dobrev's hotness, but we'll put it this way: This is the girl Orlando Bloom *upgraded* to after splitting from a Victoria's Secret supermodel. And in *The Vampire Diaries*, she plays main vamp Elena and her evil doppelgänger Katherine, so we get to see her being both very good and very, very bad.

THE POSTHUMOUS RELEASE OF *QUEEN OF THE DAMNED*, WITH AN ABSOLUTELY STUNNING AALIYAH, DEFINITELY PROVED HER REIGN ENDED WAY TOO SOON.





KATE BECKINSALE, UNDERWORLD

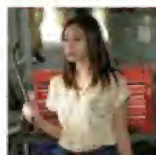


We've always had a thing for Kate Beckinsale, but in the early days, that meant sitting through tissue-fests like

Pearl Harbor and *Serendipity* to get a glimpse of her. So 2003's *Underworld* was a double shot of awesomesauce—not only was it a movie we actually wanted to see, but Beckinsale was beyond sexy as the latex-and-leather-clad vampire avenging her family members' deaths. Clearly she enjoyed kicking ass as much as we enjoyed watching, because her filmography has been peppered with horror and action ever since.



MEAGHAN RATH, BEING HUMAN



After watching this bizarre drama about a vampire and a werewolf sharing a Boston apartment with a ghost—

Rath's character, Sally—we're convinced that Sally would make the best roommate ever. Sure, she's a ghost. And yeah, she has some murderous-boyfriend relationship baggage. And maybe she turned into a decaying zombie after a botched reanimation. But we'd still take our chances on shacking up for two simple reasons: She's gorgeous, and we're assuming that a ghost roommate would never drink the last beer in the fridge.



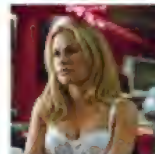
MEGAN FOX, JENNIFER'S BODY



When we heard that Diablo Cody was reteaming with *Juno* producers on a horror-comedy about a demonic

cheerleader, we had unearthly expectations. Unfortunately, it was pretty awful. The saving grace was the smokin' hot cast—namely Fox (left) as a cheerleader-turned-succubus who feasts on her male schoolmates. Even though the role earned her a Raspberry Award nomination for Worst Actress of 2009, we'll be forever grateful for her makeout scene with Amanda Seyfried. And that's the best kind of award, because everyone wins.

ANNA PAQUIN, KRISTEN BAUER VAN STRATEN, AND DEBORAH ANN WOLL, TRUE BLOOD

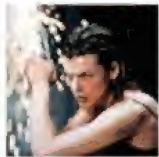


We weren't quite ready to say goodbye to *True Blood*, mainly because we'll miss having this trio of supernatural

stunners all in one place. Paquin's role as human/faerie hybrid Sookie rekindled our teenage crush on her. Bauer van Straten's turn as surprisingly hot bisexual Pam made us forget she was ever "Man Hands" on *Seinfeld*. And Woll wowed us in her first major TV role as bloodsucking newbie Jessica. It's only been off the air a few weeks and we're already going through withdrawal.

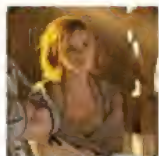
THE FIGHTERS

MILLA JOVOVICH, *RESIDENT EVIL*



Jovovich (right) had already stolen our nerdy hearts when she mastered a fake alien language for *The Fifth Element*, but she sealed the deal with her lead role in *Resident Evil* the following year. Because really, was there any better combo than a sexy Ukrainian playing a zombie-fighting videogame heroine? We think not.

EMMA WATSON, *THIS IS THE END*



Like everyone else in the world, we're a little bit in love with Emma Watson. And like everyone else in the world, we know she's way too cool for us: Ivy League-educated, yoga-certified, indie-bred, Burberry-approved. So we loved her role as an ax-wielding, shit-stealing, take-no-prisoners survivalist version of herself in the apocalypse comedy *This Is the End*. It was incredibly cool to watch her go primal.

SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR AND ELIZA DUSHKU, *BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER*



During *Buffy*'s seven-season run on the small screen, we really didn't have to go anywhere else for our supernatural fix. For starters, it was one of the best shows ever. (Just ask pretty much any magazine that's ever produced that sort of list.) And it featured two of the hottest characters in history (that one's just our personal opinion): Buffy and Faith, the dynamic duo that inspired at least a dozen servers' worth of NC-17 fan fiction.


NAOMIE HARRIS, *28 DAYS LATER...*

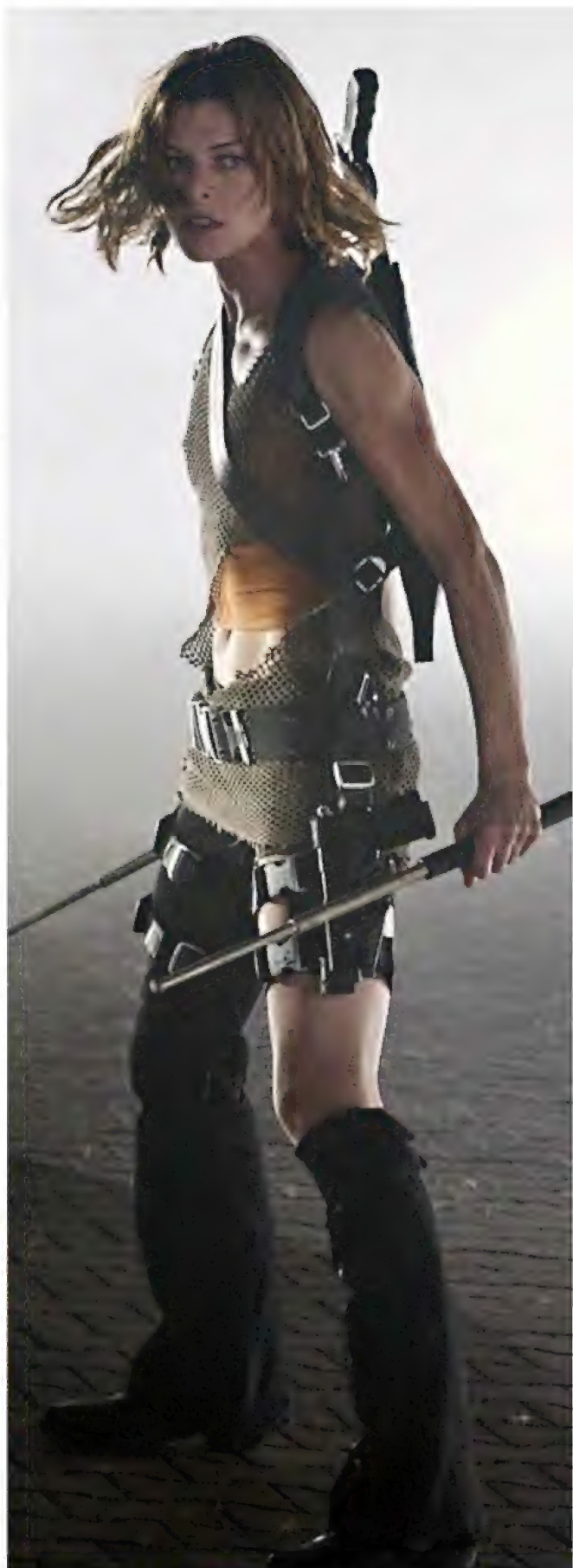


We've seen her as a Bond babe, a sea goddess, and even Nelson Mandela's wife, but before all that, she caught our eye back in 2002 with her breakthrough role as outbreak survivor Selena. Not only did she save Cillian Murphy's and Megan Burns's asses (more than once) in the movie, but she made it look good—and she's only gotten hotter since.

EMMA STONE, *ZOMBIELAND*



This near-perfect zombie comedy came out just as we were starting to feel a little jaded about the genre. It had a lot going for it (zombie clowns! gore! Twinkies!), but, above all else, it had Emma Stone as a postapocalyptic con artist. Let's be real: In a zombie apocalypse, we would totally follow her to a creepy abandoned amusement park, no questions asked. 



CARNAL KNOWLEDGE



Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH

There are lots of confusing abbreviations used to describe porn videos. Can you shed some light on what they mean?

If you don't know ATM from POV, or a BBW from a PAWG, here's a handy guide to common porn abbreviations.

ATM—Getting cash at the bank will never be the same once you know that ATM means "ass to mouth." ATM is a twist in an anal action scene where a penis or dildo is briefly removed from the rectum and inserted in someone's mouth. In straight porn, a female performer may suck a dick fresh out of her own buttock; or, in a threesome, the dick may go from one female's ass to another female's mouth.

BBC—No, it isn't porn produced by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Here, BBC stands for "big black cock." Videos labeled as such tend to be interracial (see **IR**), pairing fair-skinned white females and sizably endowed black men. Cuckolding (see **Cuck**) and gang bang (see **GB**) are common secondary themes in many BBC videos. Is BBC a little bit racist? Yeah.

BBG—"Boy-boy-girl." See **MMF**.

BBW—"Big beautiful woman." BBW is a label applied to a wide range of body types, from somewhat plump to massively obese. Most of the time, though, BBW just means fat. Terms like "curvy," "chubby," and "thick" are more commonly used to describe female figures that are voluptuous, but not quite fat.

BDSM—BDSM began as an abbreviation for "bondage and discipline, domination and submission, sadism and masochism." It has evolved into an umbrella term for all sorts of kinky fetish play, and isn't strictly an abbreviation anymore. Nevertheless, porn videos tagged "BDSM" usually have the standard whips-and-chains

variety of BDSM.

BG—"Boy-girl," or straight male-on-female sex.

BGG—"Boy-girl-girl," a variant of **MMF**.

CBT—"Cock and ball torture." CBT videos depict a man's genitals being subjected to all kinds of abuse. Use your imagination, or search for CBT on a porn site and see what comes up. Better yet, don't. CBT is a turn-on for some, but if that's not your kind of thing, you don't need to see it.

CEI—"Come-eating instructions." (See **JOI/JOE**.)

CFNM—Stands for "clothed female(s), naked male(s)." CFNM is a kind of female domination (or **Femdom**) scenario in which one or more fully dressed females abuse and humiliate one or more undressed males.

CIM—"Come in mouth." CIM is a pretty straightforward tag. It means someone gets come in her mouth.

CPL (Cpl)—An abbreviation for "couple," as in two people coupling to do sex things together.

Cuck—An abbreviation of "cuckold." The dictionary definition of a cuckold is a married man whose wife has sex with another man. In porn, a cuckolding scene involves a married man being present to witness another man fucking his wife. Cuckolding differs from a threesome in that the cuckold doesn't get to fuck his wife, too. He might only watch, or he might "help out" in some way.

DP, DAP, DPP—These stand for "double penetration." DP generally refers to a scene where a female is penetrated vaginally and anally at the same time, either by two penises, a penis and something else (such as a

dildo, fingers, or fist), or two objects or appendages. "One in the pink, one in the stink," as they say. DAP and DPP stand for "double anal penetration" and "double pussy penetration." That's when two dicks are stuffed into one orifice at the same time.

Femdom—Short for "female domination," which is a form of **BDSM**. Femdom videos depict sexual scenarios in which a female is in control, usually over a male partner. Some common femdom themes are master/slave, face-sitting, small-dick humiliation (where a woman ridicules a man's small penis), pegging (a woman penetrating a man anally with a dildo), **CBT**, **CFNM**, and **JOI/JOE**.

FFM—"Female-female-male," or a threesome with two girls and one guy.

GB—Stands for "gang bang." It means one woman gets fucked by a bunch of guys. Don't confuse gang bang with gang rape. They sound similar, but they mean different things. In porn, a gang bang is consensual, in truth and in presentation.

GG—Stands for "girl-girl," aka lesbian.

GILF—"Granny I'd like to fuck." See **MILF**.

GND—"Girl next door." A GND typically describes a young woman who is attractive, but doesn't look like a porn star. In true amateur porn, she could literally be the girl next door.

IR—Stands for "interracial." IR usually refers to a scene featuring black and white performers.

JOI/JOE—"Jerk-off instructions" or "jerk-off encouragement." In a JOI

video, a female talks directly to the camera, telling the male viewer how to masturbate and when to come. A variation on JOI is **CEI**, or "come-eating instructions," in which the viewer is instructed to eat his own come, often in a degrading fashion.

MILF—"Mother I'd like to fuck." The term has common currency, and is not limited to porn. There's some debate about where and when MILF first came into use. It certainly got traction after the movie *American Pie* in 1999, but people were using it on the internet as early as 1995. How old is a MILF? It depends on who you ask, but porn actresses as young as 25 may be cast as MILFs. In a clever analysis of data from the Internet Adult Film Database, journalist Jon Millward found that the "average age of a MILF in porn is 33. Twenty percent of the 'MILFs' were 20 to 25 years old, seven percent were over 40, and four percent were over 50." In the case of MILFs, porn really does match reality. In 2006, the average age of first-time mothers in the United States was 25.

MMF—"Male-male-female," or a threesome with two dudes and one chick.

PAWG—"Phat-ass white girl." A PAWG is little in the middle, but she's got much back. This one I would encourage you to search for to see for yourself.

POV—"Point of view." POV porn is shot with a handheld camera, generally by the male performer in the scene. The viewer sees the action from his point of view. Most homemade amateur porn is POV because, really, how many people own a tripod?



Slip Slidin'

What is a "nuru" massage?

Nuru massage is a kind of fully naked, body-on-body erotic (or "sensual") massage using a special gel made from seaweed. It's also sometimes called a "body slide." Although this massage style and the gel supposedly originated in Japan, I couldn't find any reliable source to back that up. Many descriptions of nuru massage on the web incorrectly state that "nuru" is a Japanese word that means "slippery." It doesn't. "Nuru," in Japanese, means to paint or coat something. That's an apt description of this massage technique.

The basics of a nuru massage are as follows: The client lies face-up on a waterproof mat, such as an inflatable pool mat. The masseuse coats her naked body with the special gel, which is indeed superslippery. (You know how slippery the seeds in a tomato are? It's like that.) The masseuse then lies on top of the client and slides her naked body around on his.

Although providers seldom guarantee or imply it, a nuru massage is intended to result in a "happy ending" for the client. An orgasm has to be inevitable from the frottage alone. And with gel so slick, and two people so naked, I suppose sexual intercourse could easily happen accidentally on purpose.

Establishments and individuals offering nuru massage can be found in listings where one usually finds such services. If you know where to look up escorts and massage parlors, that's where you'd look for nuru massage. You could also buy nuru-massage gel online to try at home. Even if your missus doesn't want to get all naked and slimy on you, the gel could have other fun uses. ☞

Hack Your Sex Life

Sex hacks are simple tips and tricks to make your sex life better and solve everyday sexual problems. Have a favorite sex hack you'd like to share? Email it to SexHacks@ffn.com, and your submission may appear in Carnal Knowledge.

Sex Hack 3

Masturbate with condoms. It's much easier to clean up after you're done.

Dinner for Two

**A steamy tale from the new book
*Penthouse Variations on Oral: Erotic Stories of
Going Down*, published by Cleis Press**

By Dana Travis • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

Hey, baby, what's cooking?" Todd called out as he entered our house. This is his standard question on the nights when I make it home from work before he does. We often take turns preparing meals for each other, each of us delighting in the surprise of a waiting feast. This evening, however, the kitchen was closed, and Todd had to pass through the swinging wood doors into the dining room to find me.

The gilded light of glimmering candles momentarily shocked him into silence. He blinked curiously at the sight spread out before him on our table. My favorite heavy lace tablecloth dressed up the sturdy antique table, and an extravagant bouquet of fragrant white roses sat on the nearby credenza. All that was lacking from the well-planned decor was the silverware, napkins, glasses, and plates. But that was okay. We weren't going to need any of those things for the dinner I had planned.

"Did I forget something, Dana?" he asked, sounding concerned. "Are we expecting company?"

"I had a good day at work," I told him, smiling. "We're celebrating."

"But what are we eating?" he asked, looking even more bewildered. I answered his question with actions rather than words, and his green eyes widened in surprise. In one sleek gesture, I pulled my lavender dress over my head and tossed it onto a chair. As Todd gazed at me, I brought my hands between my breasts and unsnapped the clasp of my frilly white bra. This piece of luxurious lingerie perfectly matched the lace of the tablecloth, which was intentional on my part. I'd planned the evening down to the tiniest detail, going so far as to coordinate my outfit with the formal table linens.

With Todd's eyes still focused intently on my every move, I let down my long hair, removing the pins in the back and shaking my dark tresses free. Then I reached for the final touch to my outfit, which was hanging on

a nearby chair. It was a dainty, see-through apron, and I fastened it around my waist so that the ties of the bow hung down loosely in the back. Clad only in my apron, panties, garter belt with fishnet stockings, and insanely high-heeled stilettos, I struck a sexy pose for my husband and waited for his response.

A charming smile lit up his eyes, but he didn't move. He seemed to comprehend that something unique was going on and that if he let me lead the way, he would definitely enjoy himself. As he stared at me, I stroked my breasts lightly, rubbing my palms in generous circles over my pink nipples. The rest of my body responded immediately, a sexy wetness developing beneath the apron, dripping from my pussy and drenching my panties. I shifted my hips from side to side, rubbing my thighs together to feel the warm moisture gathering between my legs.

"Oh, you bad girl," Todd said softly,





his voice sounding low and husky. "Dana, just look at you."

At his words, I gazed at my reflection in the glass doors of our breakfront. My flowing black hair complemented my pale skin, and I felt a flush of heat flaming my cheeks. Desire beat fiercely in my expression.

I tweaked my nipples firmly between my fingertips, feeling them grow even more erect than they had been. Then I slowly licked two of my fingertips and traced that lush wetness in circles around those hardened nubs.

"Don't stop, Dana," Todd sighed. "Don't stop." As he spoke, he took a step forward, as if he wanted to take over for me and touch me with his own fingers or mouth, but I shook my head sternly.

"You wait your turn," I told him.

I reached under the apron and peeled my sticky panties away from my pussy, rolling them down my thighs and then kicking them off. The twin apron strings tickled the bare, peach-split crack of my ass, adding an extra-naughty charge to my desire. I was dripping wet already, and the evening's festivities had barely gotten

front of him in a decadent display. The fancy lace beneath my ass created a cushioning layer on top of the hard, cold wood. "I hope you're ready," I continued, staring into his lust-filled eyes, "because your dinner has just been served."

"You mean my 'Dana,' don't you?" he asked, smiling. It was obvious to me that Todd's appetite had switched from a hunger for food to an urgent need for me. He took a step closer and then paused, as if he was unsure of what to do next. It seemed like he couldn't decide whether to take the time to strip out of his suit or simply bury his head between my spread thighs. Before I could offer my own selfish suggestion, he made the correct decision himself.

Walking to the edge of the table, he scooped up my round ass cheeks in his hands and lifted my sopping pussy to his mouth. At first, he ate me through the transparent fabric of the apron, remembering how much I like the feeling of a barrier at the onset of stimulation. Todd's mouth played delightful tricks against the sheer material. I moaned when he traced the cleft between my pussy lips with his

ripped open his pants, not even bothering to take them off, and brought out his throbbing cock. With his gleaming eyes focused on mine, he slid his cockhead into my pussy. "Eat and then fuck. Fuck and then eat," he said, like a mantra. "That's what you want, baby, isn't it?"

Yes, that's exactly what I wanted. The feeling of being instantly filled was overwhelming. His cock pushed between the slippery walls of my throbbing pussy, driving into me hard and deep. I couldn't remember ever wanting him so badly, but the next moment, he was withdrawing from my cunt. It was as if he knew how much I could take before I'd go over the edge.

"Eat again," he said in his abbreviated manner, bending before the table to flick his tongue rapidly over my dripping pussy. The short ride to heaven he'd given me on his cock had made me even wetter than before, and he eagerly slurped up my juice.

"You're absolutely delectable," he whispered, just loud enough for me to hear. The echo of his words vibrated against my pussy, making my clit twitch with pleasure. "I could eat

TODD YANKED THE APRON OFF ME AND GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS. "I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO EAT YOU OR FUCK YOU," HE SAID. "BOTH," I TOLD HIM URGENTLY.

under way. I wondered if he could make out my scent from where he stood. From the ravenous look on his handsome face, I guessed that he could, and that he found the heady aroma even more enticing than that of a home-cooked meal.

Standing in front of him again, wearing only that wicked apron, garter belt, stockings, and spiked heels, I asked one simple question: "Are you hungry, baby?" He nodded quickly, as though saying a single word would dissolve the erotic vision before him.

"I'm so glad," I said, "because tonight I have prepared a special meal for you. In fact, it's a house favorite." I hoisted myself up onto the dining room table and spread my body out in

tongue. Licking hard, he connected with my fabric-covered clit in a jolt of wet heat, sending a shiver all through my body. Then Todd untied the apron, yanked it off me, and got down to business. His tongue slipped between my swollen pussy lips, testing the wetness within my sex. He sighed when he realized how drenched I was, and then lapped energetically at my cunt, tasting me, sipping me, drinking my juices before driving his tongue deep inside me.

"I don't know whether to eat you or fuck you," he murmured into my dripping-wet slit.

"Both," I told him, urgently. "Both."

"Yes," he sighed, before pressing his tongue hard against my pussy again. Lapping at me hungrily, he made sure that I was nice and creamy before setting my hips gently back down on the table's edge. Then he

you all night." I closed my eyes, more than ready to let him. His questing tongue seemed to disappear all the way inside my slit, until his mouth was firmly sealed against my pussy. Then he wriggled his tongue back and forth inside me, and I grabbed fistfuls of his hair with both hands and slammed myself against him.

As I bucked my hips toward Todd's face, he switched positions, keeping me teetering on the brink of ecstasy but not letting me reach my goal. I was so hot and ready, and my pussy was swimming in a pool of slippery nectar. I wanted to come, and Todd knew it. When all I needed was one more direct stroke of his tongue to my



clit, he made loopy circles around it instead, torturing me sweetly, never even accidentally brushing against that hot gem.

"Please," I begged.

"*Shh*, sweetheart," he admonished me. "I'm eating."

He was teasing me with my own game, giving me a pussy-licking to outlast all others. As he continued to make those taunting circles around my clit, I got so excited that I thought I might literally combust if he didn't let me climax soon. I saw it clearly in my mind—I would flambé like cherries jubilee!

"Todd," I murmured.

"You're really ready, huh?" he finally whispered. My eyes were clenched shut, my whole body shuddering, desperately on the verge of climax. Before I could answer, he moved away from the table and reintro-

duced his cock into my cunt.

Going back and forth between feeling his tongue on my pussy and being pierced by his cock was sexual overload. What did I truly want? His tongue or his cock? I didn't know. I wanted them both. It was like being presented with a detailed menu at a fabulous restaurant. My mind reeled with choices. Did I want him to climb on top of me and shake the table with his powerful thrusts? Would I rather he flip me over and take me doggie-style? Perhaps I'd prefer we move into a sixty-nine so my mouth would have something to suck as I melted into the bliss of being dined upon? I could no longer think about what I wanted.

I put myself in my husband's capable hands and let him choose the order of our courses.

He answered by pumping hard with his hips, and when he withdrew, a fresh flood of honey seeped from my pussy. But before offering me the pleasure of his tongue again, he stripped entirely out of his suit, letting me see his hard, muscled body glistening with sweat in the candlelight.

"Get ready, Dana," he murmured, staring down at me as he thrust his cock all the way into my cunt. Seconds later, his mouth was back between my legs, his tongue playing those dreamy tricks along my dripping-wet pussy lips. He licked and nibbled each one in turn, teasing them before moving down to leave wet kisses on my thighs. Taking his time, he worked back up to the entrance to my pussy. He used his fingers to spread my labia wide-open, and then he finally finished me off. Licking in sweet, satiny circles around my pulsing clit, he increased the pace and pressure until, finally, I was coming. I threaded my fingers through his soft hair, searching for something to steady myself, as pockets of pleasure bubbled up and exploded inside me.

As I writhed through my release, Todd moved away from my pussy long enough to say, "I hope you enjoyed the first course, mademoiselle."

I stared up at the wood beams in our ceiling, trying to get myself under control. My body was still trembling, my heart racing. First course? That meant there would be a second course, possibly a third, and most likely some sort of outrageous, indecent dessert. Before I could contemplate how Todd had managed to turn the tables on me, so to speak, he was pushing me further onto the table and then maneuvering us into a sixty-nine.

I took a few seconds to admire the bulging, rose-colored head of his cock—so deep, so rich, so ready for my tongue to lick and flick over the tip—before I drew the head and the rod deep down into my throat.

Without another moment of hesitation, I rewarded my husband for being such a good pussy-eater. I gave the head of his cock a deeply welcoming French kiss, getting it all slick and wet with the moist heat of my mouth. I tasted my tangy juices on him, and that made me incredibly hot. There is nothing more erotic to me than sucking my own flavor off my

husband's shaft, thinking about how his cock was just buried inside me.

My thoughts took a sharp detour when Todd returned his mouth to my pussy. He took his time, teasing me with his tongue as he tasted the ambrosial liquid of my orgasm. He knows to touch me softly after I climax, and he did exactly that, using whisper-soft caresses along the length of my tender pussy lips. I responded in kind, running my tongue up and down his throbbing shaft. As soon as we were in sync, Todd pursed his lips around my clit and gave it a firm suck.

Immediately, I mimicked his actions with my lips, closing them around his cockhead and treating it like a big, round lollipop. Todd moaned and bucked his hips against me. For several minutes, he had been choreographing our little dance, but now I was in charge again. Drawing the length of his cock all the way into my mouth, I swallowed around him. The tight contractions in my throat around his steel-like shaft made him moan even louder.

Pleased with the response, I kept feasting on him in my own style. I

moved my mouth up and down, releasing a few inches of his cock before enveloping him once again. The shaft grew glossy with the wetness of my saliva, and Todd helped me find the pace that he most craved. Moving his hips, he arched against me, driving his cock in deep. Back and forth he went, thrusting in and then sliding out of my mouth, and never ceasing his tongue's caress of my pussy. The entire time I worked him, he treated me to a deliciously sensuous second course. But I was suddenly overwhelmed with greedy thoughts, envisioning myself coming again. I pressed hard against his face to gain the clit-to-tongue contact that would take me over the edge.

We played each other perfectly, using the experience of our years together to guide us. We moved in a sexy dance on the table until I was moaning around his dick, letting him know that I was going to come again. I continued to suck on him as my orgasm rose up and then crested in a wave of pleasure. A hard suck, a long swallow, and then he came with me, quickly filling my mouth with his semen. I made sure to capture every

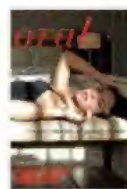
delicious drop, so I would be able to swallow his whole creamy load.

"So, Dana," Todd said, rolling over and moving his body so that we were face-to-face. He grasped my waist with one strong arm and held me close to him. "What's for dinner?"

Now whenever I hear this question, once a simple query, my face blushes hotly and my pussy quivers. Those innocent words make me want to take my panties down and press my sex against my husband's handsome face, no matter where we are. I always choose the items on our erotic menu—pussy-licking, sixty-nining, come-swallowing—over food. And when we finish the first course, I wait on the very edge of my seat for course number two, and sometimes there's even room for dessert. 

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Photographs by Holly Randall



"I love to go to raves and twerk with my girls. In fact, I'm always up for twerking. That and pole dancing are my two favorite workouts."







"My ideal date would be a romantic picnic on the beach, with my favorite foods, holding hands, watching the sunset ... then some adventurous beach sex."



"The most amazing sexual experience I've ever had was when a certain someone snuck into my room at a house where I was staying for a shoot and gave me my first real orgasm."







A close-up photograph of a woman's legs from the knees down, wearing black high-heeled shoes with silver studs. She is stepping into a pool of water, creating a large splash. The background is a vibrant red, tufted surface, possibly a sofa or headboard, with silver studs visible. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the curves of her legs and the texture of the red fabric.

"The most exciting place I've ever had sex was at a country club, in a restroom by the tennis courts."

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[penthouse forum]



Marie scrambled up to sit on my face, while my wife happily straddled my hips.

Wish Granted

Linda and I were invited to a friend's Halloween party, and costumes were mandatory, so we'd gone shopping to find something. We normally weren't costume people, but Linda insisted we dress up this year, and I wasn't going to tell her no. She found a sultan costume for me, and a sexy genie costume for herself, and we were ready to go.

I tried my costume on for the first time the night of the party, and I felt a little silly when I looked at myself in the mirror. I was about to complain ... until Linda walked in wearing her genie outfit. She looked hot! The pants, which were fairly sheer to begin with, had slits that went from ankle to waist, showing off her long, toned legs, and her top was a sequined bra that somehow made her D-cup breasts look even bigger. In fact, the only part of her that seemed to be under wraps was her face. The

costume included a loose face mask, and she had dutifully tied it around her head, leaving only her sparkling blue eyes visible. I knew if I complained about my costume, she'd insist on discarding hers, and I couldn't do that. She looked way too hot. I kept my mouth shut.

We'd been at the party for a couple of hours when I suddenly realized I'd lost Linda in the crowd. We'd separated earlier, but she'd always been in my line of sight, and suddenly she was gone. I wasn't talking to anyone at the moment, so I thought I'd go find out where my wife had disappeared to. I wandered around the first floor, stopping in the kitchen and living room, then checking out on the deck, but to no avail. I thought she might be in the bathroom, so I was headed that way when I saw her on the stairs leading to the second floor. She was near the top when I reached the bottom, but—as if she sensed me—she turned her head and signaled for me to follow her. Sometimes, when we're out, Linda will get really horny and want to sneak off somewhere to get it on, so I figured that's what was happening.

Upstairs, she led me into an empty bedroom, then dropped to her knees in front of me and unzipped my costume pants and pulled out my dick. She leaned in and sucked me into her mouth, pausing only to push her mask to the side. She was really going at it, her head bobbing as her tongue swirled around my shaft. It felt different from usual somehow, but I chalked it up to the fact that we were in someone else's bedroom, wearing ridiculous costumes.

She kept it up for a while, and then I felt her mouth move off my dick before kissing me on the lips. My eyes had been closed as she sucked me off, and I kept them shut as we kissed, too. Her tongue was moving in my mouth, exploring every inch, when I felt her start sucking on my dick again. *Wait, what?* My eyes sprang open and I saw that I was kissing one genie while another was on her knees in front of me, sucking my cock. What the hell was going on?

The genie who'd been sucking me off saw my startled look and said, "Honey, relax. It's only me and Marie having a little fun. You don't mind if Marie joins us, right?" Marie is my wife's best friend, and looks like she could be Linda's twin, which I guess explains how I'd fallen for their game. I couldn't believe I hadn't



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[penthouse forum]

realized it wasn't my wife at first, but another part of me couldn't believe how lucky I'd gotten. I'd joked with Linda before that being with her and Marie at the same time would be like having a threesome with twins, which is basically every man's fantasy. And now she was giving it to me!

I pulled my wife off her knees and gave her a deep kiss, and after a few seconds, Marie went back to work on my dick again, too. The foreplay continued for a few more minutes, but eventually it became too much, and I knew I wanted to pleasure both women before we called it a night. I pushed Linda away and lifted Marie up from the floor, had them both step out of their pants, and then got them on the bed. I stripped out of my own pants and joined them, lying between them and kissing and caressing both of them. Then, when I was sure they were ready, I lay on my back and told them each to choose a position.

Marie immediately scrambled up to sit on my face, while my wife happily straddled my hips. They lowered themselves almost simultaneously, and suddenly my dick was enveloped by my wife's tight cunt while Marie's pussy juices began dripping into my mouth. I began eating Marie's cunt, leaving Linda to set her own pace on my cock.

I licked all around Marie's pussy, stretching my tongue to cover her mound and flick at the juncture where her thighs met her cunt. I went up and down her lips and stroked my tongue over her clit, making sure I didn't miss a single inch. Then I started to suck. I pulled her sensitive clit between my lips and sucked hard on that firm little button, and when I heard her moan above me, I knew I'd found the right amount of pressure for her.

Meanwhile, after starting slow, Linda was riding me fast. She generally prefers to be fucked in the missionary position, but it seemed like she didn't mind the change this time. It took her a few minutes, but she'd found a pace that really worked for her. She was fucking me frantically, and on each downward thrust, her hips would slam against mine. It made me nip at Marie's pussy each time, and that seemed to really set off the genie straddling my face. She mewled and moaned louder and louder until I felt her thighs shake against my head and a gush of juices rush out of her.

I could tell Linda wasn't far from climaxing, either. She was rocking back and forth now, using quick,

shallow thrusts to bring herself over the edge. She came a few seconds after Marie, and I felt her cunt clasp my cock and hold me inside her as her juices poured out over my shaft.

Finally, it was my turn, and both women hopped off me and grasped my dick in their hands to stroke me to completion. Their four hands worked me over, two stroking my shaft, one playing with my balls, and one stroking my chest, and I could hardly stand the sensations. I came hard after only a few strokes, spraying my come all over their hands and arms.

Afterward, when we'd put our costumes back on, I studied the two women and tried to figure out who was who, but I still didn't know. What I did know was that those two genies had made my wish come true that night!—H.R., Pennsylvania

■ Wake-Up Call

I'm not what you'd call a morning person, but my girlfriend, Chloe, gets up with the sun every day, without fail. Whenever she wants me to wake up early with her, she knows she has to make it worth my while. So when she planned our vacation and booked our flight for 8 A.M., we both knew she'd have to work hard to get me out the door on time.



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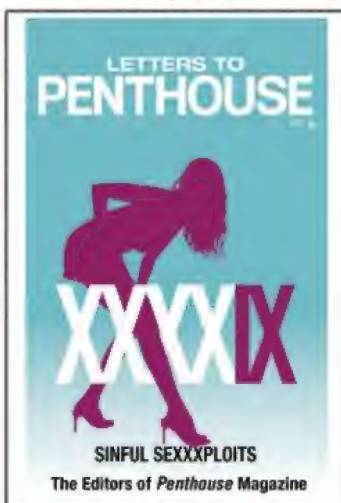
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[penthouse forum]

As she sucked my thumb, she pulled at her restraints as if overcome with desire.

It was still dark out when I felt Chloe nudging me awake, and I was barely conscious as she dragged me out of bed and led me toward the bathroom. I leaned against the doorframe, not yet awake, as she turned on the water and let it get hot. Then, when it was ready, she pulled me into the shower. The steaming water was a shock to my system, but it didn't do much to wake me up. No, that was all Chloe.

As soon as I stepped under the shower spray, she dropped to her knees and pulled my cock into her mouth. Oh, hell yes! The second I felt her lips wrap around my dick, I jolted awake. It was like a triple shot of espresso straight to my bloodstream. I bucked my hips against her mouth, encouraging her to suck harder, and when she did, my knees buckled and I had to lean back against the shower wall to keep myself upright.

Chloe is amazingly good at giving head, and the early hour didn't have any effect on her enthusiasm. Her head worked my length, and with each stroke she wiggled her tongue along the underside of my shaft, sending shivers up my spine. It was one of the most intense blowjobs I could recall, and the fact that it was happening so early in the morning was mind-boggling to me. We never fucked first thing in the morning, or even last thing in the morning. (I wasn't kidding when I said I'm not a morning person.) Having my dick sucked in the shower before the sun had even peeked over the horizon was definitely a once-in-a-lifetime occurrence.

Chloe could tell that I was having a hard time holding it together, so she worked even harder to get me off as quickly as possible. She slid my dick all the way in until she was deep-throating me, then wiggled her tongue at the base of my shaft. My palms pressed hard against the tiles, and a second later I came, shooting my hot load right down her throat.

She swallowed, stood up, kissed me hard, and then grabbed the soap so we could actually shower. I wanted to repay the favor, but Chloe insisted we didn't have time. "Don't worry, though," she told me. "I'm sure there's a perfectly good shower in our hotel room." —K.P., Virginia

■ All Tied Up

I held up the handcuffs in one hand and the bondage tape in the other. "Which will it be?" I asked Kim.

Her eyes moved back and forth between the items, clearly torn between her options. "Why can't it be both?" she asked, and I smiled at her decision.

"Both it is," I replied.

I took the handcuffs and looped them around one of the bars in the headboard, then had her raise her arms so I could lock her wrists in place above her head. The tape came next, and I circled her body a couple of times as I tried to decide how best to use it. I could tape her arms together, but that seemed like overkill. I could tape around her breasts, but then I wouldn't be able to suck her nipples, and she has the best nipples for that. Finally, I decided to bind her legs, but I couldn't bind them together or I'd have a hard time getting to her pussy. So instead I wrapped the length of one leg in the tape, then took the end and looped it around a bar in the footboard. It wasn't strong enough to hold her forever, but it would be enough to keep her in place while I had my way with her. Satisfied with that, I repeated the wrapping on the other leg and secured it to the footboard.

Once she was all tied up, I started to strip. Finally, I would get to do whatever I wanted and she couldn't even touch me. She moaned as my



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hand stroked my shaft, which was already hard. I rubbed off the pre-come with my thumb and wiped it on her lips, making her chase it before letting her pull it in. As she sucked my thumb, she bucked up, pulling at her restraints as if she was overcome with desire.

I knelt on the bed next to her and slowly stroked and caressed her body, lightly running my fingers up and down her arms and legs. Once I'd tormented her long enough, I decided to ease some of her "suffering" by pleasuring her. She loves pleasuring me more than anything else, but I figured some breast-play and a little cunnilingus might make her forget her predicament for a moment.

I slid up her body and kissed her quickly on the lips before making my way down her neck and across her chest, placing sloppy, open-mouthed kisses everywhere—on her neck, behind her ear, on her shoulders, her elbows. Then I started on her breasts. I kissed the side, underneath her arm, and worked my way to the center,



skipping over the nipple and going down the other side of her pert peak before working my way across the other breast in the same fashion. I kept my mouth away from her nipples for several minutes, but, finally, I knew I had to give her what she wanted.

While one hand went up to pinch her left nipple, I leaned in and sucked her right bud into my mouth. She nearly came apart at that simple touch, and I had to hold her steady as she bucked and writhed under me. I switched back and forth between her breasts, so that neither tit felt left out of the fun. It drove Kim wild, and she begged for me to release her so she could touch me. "I need you," she cried. But it wasn't time for that yet.

When I'd had enough of her breasts, I moved further down, swirling my tongue in her belly button before moving even farther south. When I reached her pussy, I dove in. I sucked and slurped on her juicy cunt as she squirmed, unable to direct my head where she wanted it. I liked being able to focus my mouth where I wanted, and getting to lick up every dewy drop that she offered. I tongue-fucked her till she came, and she pulled hard against the restraints as her body jerked and shuddered.

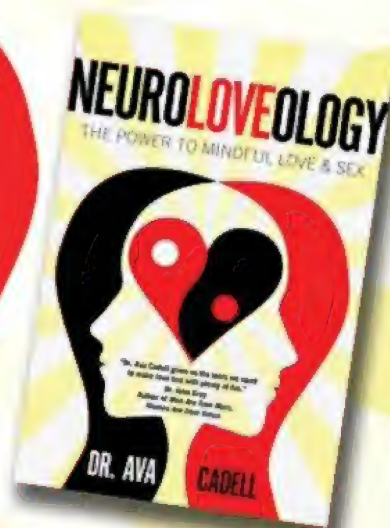
By that time, Kim was going crazy.

She couldn't stand not being able to touch me, so I decided to reward her. She sucked my cock into her mouth like she was starving for it.

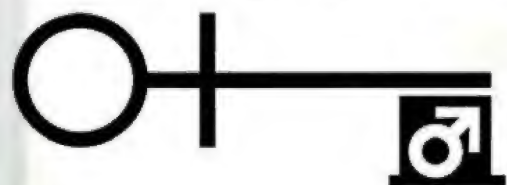
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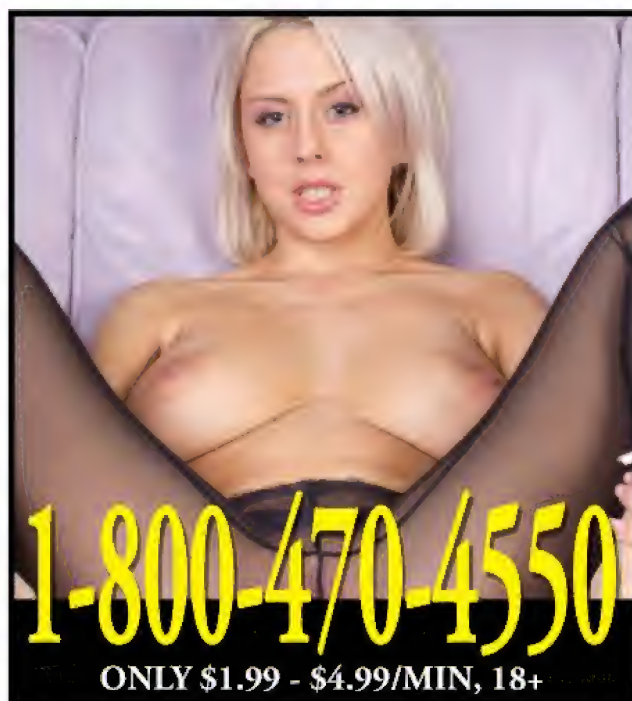
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She couldn't stand not being able to touch or tease me, so I decided to reward her. I turned around and carefully shifted above her until we were in a sixty-nine. She sucked my cock into her mouth like she was starving for it, and I pumped into her as I licked her creamy cunt. She was practically insatiable, and I couldn't believe how rapidly her tongue moved against my cockhead.

I wasn't completely comfortable with the position, though, as I was worried that Kim couldn't tell me if it was too much, so I pulled myself out of her mouth and settled between her legs. I pushed into her cunt hard, going balls-deep with one thrust, and worked Kim's clit with my thumb as I banged her. When she came again, her pussy muscles milked my cock and pushed me over the edge with her.

I collapsed on top of her for a minute, then untied her legs and uncuffed her hands. I couldn't believe how fucking hot that had been, and the experience was all thanks to finding Kim's old bondage equipment in the back of the closet while helping her pack up to move. I couldn't wait to see what unpacking her stuff led to.—Y.T., Vermont

■ Pre-Party Quickie

My wife and I were getting ready for a family dinner when I walked through the bedroom on my way out of the shower. Because I had been steaming up the bathroom, Caitlin was standing in front of her dresser, leaning over to put on mascara, wearing red thong panties and a matching bra. Her ass

looked incredible, so I pulled off my towel and stood behind her, rubbing my dick up and down her crack.

She laughed, put down her mascara, and leaned back against me, squeezing her cheeks together around my cock. She said, "We don't have much time before people will be here, you know."

I chuckled myself and said, "So bend over again and let me get started. I only need a few minutes."

She did, pushing her ass toward me as far as she could, and then picked up a makeup brush. While I pulled her panties to the side and worked a finger into her damp slit, she powdered her face. By the time I was pushing in a second finger, my dick was hard as a rock and she was done with her face.

I kept her panties out of the way and thrust up into her pussy, catching her eye in the mirror.

"Fuck me hard, honey, we have to make it quick."

"Not a problem, babe. I love to come inside you."

As promised, I pumped into her hard and fast, loving the sight of her tits bouncing out of her lacy bra. After a couple of minutes, I pushed in deep one last time and came with a groan. A minute after that, I pulled out, grabbed a washcloth and wiped my come off Caitlin's pussy, and went to get dressed. Now I'd be able to put up with her pain-in-the-ass family.—P.T., Colorado

I pumped into her hard, loving the sight in the mirror of her tits bouncing.

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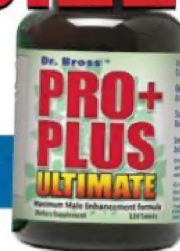
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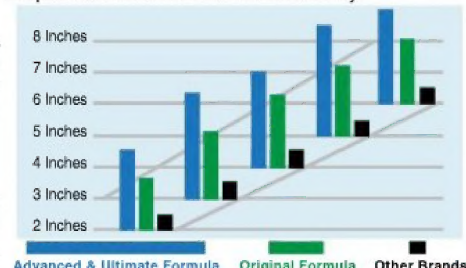
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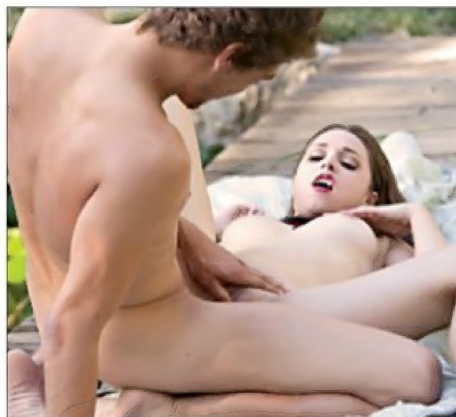
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The Lady Is a Vamp

In *Vampire Town*, Tiffany Star turns her new fangs on Xander Corvus, but not before showing him a hell of a good time. See the full gallery and watch the scene (as well as the other five hard-core scenes from the film) at Penthouse.com. 



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